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Volume XXI

Number 4

The

South Atlantic Quarterly

EDITED BY

WILLIAM K. BOYD *and* WILLIAM H. WANNAMAKER

OCTOBER, 1922

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DURHAM, N. C.

FOUNDED BY THE "9019" OF TRINITY COLLEGE

Entered May 3, 1902, as second-class matter, Postoffice at Durham, N. C.
Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The South Atlantic Quarterly

Published at Trinity College, Durham, N. C., by the
South Atlantic Publishing Company

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For their journal the editors and publishers solicit the support of thinking people in all sections of the country and especially in the South. The subscription price is three dollars per year. Communications in regard to articles, book reviews, and editorial matters should be addressed to the Editors, SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY, Trinity College, Durham, N. C. If the return of manuscripts not accepted is desired, the required postage should be enclosed. Subscriptions and all communications relating to advertisements and business matters should be addressed to the Treasurer, SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY, Durham, N. C.

Subscriptions payable in advance. Advertising accounts payable after first insertion of ad.

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The South Atlantic Quarterly

The South's Spiritual Grace

MARISTAN CHAPMAN
Jacksonville, Florida

With her growing prosperity, her new cities, her vast natural resources that are only just being developed, and with her rapidly expanding commercial influence, it would seem that the South was never in better condition. Yet, with all this outward-seeming development, there is "something rotten in the state," which only those who are within the heart of the South can understand. Examined from a material standpoint she is sound; measured by every standard of commercial worth she is developing favorably; but are we not in danger of giving up our essential character in exchange for this commercial prosperity? Do we not find ourselves weighing and measuring values by the standards of commerce, and noting these values in such symbols as \$ \$ \$ and % % % ?

It may be protested that an inward and spiritual grace is useless unless its presence is indicated by an outward and visible sign. To which we retort that the sign may so swell in popular estimation as to usurp the place of the grace entirely; and a grace unsuspected and not used is non-existent for practical purposes. Our material prosperity should advertise and demonstrate our character, not usurp its place.

The first step in putting a wrong matter right is to realize that it is wrong; the next, to penetrate to the heart of the wrongness; the last to discover and apply the remedy. This article frankly does the first and will seek to point out some reasons for the wrong condition; the third step must be worked out in practice, for no amount of theorising and writing will put things straight.

It is impossible to generalise on any subject without, as it were, drawing all fish into the net of "general conclusions" and without making use of such didactic statements of fact as to cause each fish to cry out in exception and declare that "it is not so at all," according to his unique experience. /So I ask the reader to remember that when I use the term "the South" I am referring to that side of the South of which I treat at present, and not to marshal in opposition his host of contrary personal experiences. At the same time I have clung to certain truisms which nobody can dispute, deeming it best to use the truistic and the obvious whenever it helps the argument to do so.

Our trouble lies chiefly in our having lost something of our past that has not been compensated for. This loss can be divided into four parts: The first is the *lost art of self-criticism*. We imagine that we do criticise ourselves and we say that "we know our faults"; but our criticism has much of vain-glory about it—we boast of our faults very much as if they were superior to other people's virtues. True self-criticism is not mere comment nor passive awareness of defect. It is positive and active. It is an analytical study of one's make-up and an impartial drawing of comparisons between one's self and others, so that one finds out honestly how one stands in relation to the rest of the country. "One who stands alone, stands high." But we are not alone, in sober fact, and by imagining that we are, we "stand high" in our own estimation only and may be in danger of appearing as inconsequent pigmies to those around us. Our standard must be national as well as sectional, and we must practice self-criticism to better effect than we have done in the past.

Our second loss is that of *courtesy*. It is not to be supposed that we can accommodate ourselves to the modern speed of living without compromising our old-fashioned leisurely courtesy, but that is no reason why the manners that we have still with us should be so abrupt. We speak now of "the aesthetic amenities of daily life" instead of "manners," but by whatever name we call them they are a part of daily living and cannot be dispensed with, whatever our rate of progress. Between members of a family they are largely re-

garded as unnecessary, and to this fact are to be traced all petty bickerings and quarrels. An utter disregard of the sugar coating for the pill of constant inter-communication with our neighbors is apt to be fraught with dire results. We can't take each other neat. Disregard of courtesy in the home means a row; disregard of courtesy between nations means war, and disregard of courtesy between business neighbors means a breaking up of solidarity of purpose,—cracks in the ice floe that foretell coming dissolution.

Our third loss is that of *romance*. This cannot be more than touched upon here, as it is a subject on which no two persons agree as to definition. We will call it here, for the purpose of this essay, "a spiritual aliveness to the ideal in human existence, and to the perfectability of everyday affairs." It is the counter-balance to weigh against the evident sordidness of what we are pleased, from quaint choice, to call our "real" life. Romance need not be old-fashioned. We call up pictures of our great grandparents in their pioneering days and think how "romantic" it must have been to live in those days. It was not romantic to them. It was just life,—and hard, dry life, too. The romance must have been there, but they could not see it. The romance of our lives is here, if we will use it. Think how "romantic" our age will seem a few generations hence, with its great men, great war, and great inventions. Let us penetrate to the ideal in our everyday business, in whatever we are trying to accomplish, and bend our energies to its attainment. To give only a small instance of the romance of machinery, let me cite the near approach to the ideal ball-bearing that makes possible hundreds of machines that were impracticable before,—the automobile, for instance.

Our fourth loss is that of *leisure*. Lost leisure has brought in its wake so much misery and disaster that it sometimes makes us doubt the blessing of that "increased production" and "phenomenal growth of industry" that we hear so much about. Our tyrant machinery, causing a few of us to endure heavy drudgery that the rest of us may go free, is a melancholy substitute for the less "advanced" state of civilization when we all had to do a certain amount of bodily work for our own preservation. The class distinction of master and

servant is fading, but what will it profit us if it only fades to give place to the slavery of man to his brother? This is a national rather than a sectional question, but in the South it is complicated by the race problem, which, if we do not grapple with it voluntarily, will solve itself for us in a disastrous fashion.

How can we reconcile the rate at which we live, or rather the rate at which we make others live for us—for most of our living is done at second-hand—how can we reconcile this with the “time to think things over,” which is so essential to all sound accomplishment? How shall we continue to act without thinking when our reserve of inherited instinct is used up? We mostly “act on a hunch.” That is all very well so long as the supply lasts, but hunches are the fruit of past knowledge, sometimes knowledge that we didn’t know we possessed. They grow on the tree of meditation, and we are now using up those we had packed in barrels against the winter of our brainlessness, our season of No-time. “Hunches” for the future must be built up of real thought now, or we shall run out of brains entirely. To think, we must have leisure, and by that I do not mean recreation, for this is becoming our hardest and most absorbing business. I mean mental leisure, leisure with which to weigh, consider and plan; and, in addition, more actual physical relaxation. For this is the only way to endure our haggard, nerve-drawn business condition.

It seems impossible to recall present day attention to that which was good in the past without being attacked at once as reactionary and accused of attempting to clog the wheels of progress by thrusting dry sticks of regret for the “good old times” between the spokes. Conservatism has become a term of reproach. In spite of this, let us go on, taking as our axiom the fact that truth never grows old, and postulating that those who are busy and hurried may well rest awhile to hear it reiterated by those who now have leisure to meditate.

Good business is not incompatible with courtesy, and value may be measured otherwise than in dollars. So widely is this being recognized that courtesy and a leisurely manner are being taught at so much per lesson in our business colleges and advocated through the mails in correspondence courses. Why,

then, are we neglecting to use our natural heritage of these qualities? The southern spirit must survive to transmit the traditions of "the Old South" from generation to generation, that the commercial lump may be leavened.

In history we read of "the light of civilization." What is this light? It is the light that illumines our picture of the past and that light is made up, not of what people do, but of what they *are*. It is what we are that will count in future years when the history of this country is being written. A man who is said to have done much for his country is recognized in a few dry biographies, and is forgotten when they are no longer fashionable reading. But the man of fine personality and strong character who lives an ordinary life in such manner as to glorify it by his having lived it,—that man lives forever in the hearts made better by his life. So with a country. Its material kingdom disappears with the perishable materials of which it is built, but its spirit lives through the ages.

When we desire our sons and daughters to go into business, we send them at their most impressionable age to colleges to take courses at so much per dose. From which treatment they return to us, as a rule, ambitious, progressive, confident, full of technical learning; in a word, businesslike. This is what we expect, but do we not too often find that they have paid their fee in quality of character in exchange for valuable head-furniture? Do they not seem more ready to "do," or to "get," than to "be"? The three should go together; if a dish contains three essential ingredients it will not be palatable with one of them left out. When our young folk come back to us "hardened," and we are unable to explain the change, we put it down to their being "modern," and try not to mind that their way of "doing business" jars on our idea of "being businesslike." But it is possible that we may be in the right of it. Right is not the sole property of the modern youth, nor wrong the invariable dictator of the old fogey. We of the last generation are getting so used to being put in our place that we are like to be put out of it, if we don't take care. Our soul may have grown small and shrivelled in our body, but we are not yet so bald that you can see our brains.

The South has always been the land of refinement and

chivalry, of leisurely courtesy and boundless hospitality, "the land of fair women and brave men." We can best play our part in helping to make America the greatest country that the world has yet seen by refusing to lose our individuality. If we are to be a powerful influence in the development of the nation, we must be true to ourselves, for the greatest gift we can bring to our country is our true character.

If the South is to do her part in the making of the nation she must not be dissolved. She must not permit herself to become so many acres for the development of industry. Foreign countries think and speak of America with only the manufacturing states in mind. Even among educated persons "the southern states" are confused with the states of South America, and they are still talked of in England as "the seceding states that were beaten in the American Civil War", or "the states where the cotton comes from." Surely in face of this we do not need a second World War to shake us out of our indolence of thinking, to startle us into common sense, to make us see the urgency of the cry for more soul and less body in our industrial development.

Another thing we must not fail to realize is that we do not *inherit* commercial ability. We acquire it, or import it,—quite a different matter. Northern states can wear the garment of commercial enterprise straightforwardly and look well in it, but the style does not become us in the South, and we should not try to wear it ready-made. We must cut it to fit and to suit us. It is not the dress we should have chosen in any case, but we can make it do—with cutting over.

As we watch the growth of a town like Chattanooga we look earnestly for signs of her industrial and commercial determination, and we soon see that she is taking her self-inflicted title too literally. We recoil from the appellation "The Dynamo of Dixie." A few years ago we read of "Dominant Dayton," when that flourishing Ohio town was undergoing a boom; it was neat and expressive of the purpose of the people. We had no quarrel with it. But "Dynamo of Dixie" has a terribly incongruous sound. It is too much like bringing our household labor-saving machinery into the drawing-room in order to exhibit our efficiency to all visitors.

The North has much to teach us in the way of business efficiency; we can emulate its virtues and graft them into our own character,—remembering that grafting is a process quite different from uprooting to plant anew. And if we are not quite so efficient or not quite so successful; if our old-fashioned “manners” prove a drawback to our material progress and we are thereby “different” from others, are we altogether the losers? Is not a donkey of our own better than the horse of another? Have we nothing to give in exchange for all we learn? Are we to take and take and not repay? Have we no intellectual pride? Or are we just “a section of the country where they have negroes and bad roads”? What have we, specifically, to contribute to the nation?

First, to take a negative point, we are not of such mixed origin as those sections of the country that have been subjected to immigration from all parts of Europe. We are mainly of Scotch and English stock. Second, our leisurely manner, our laziness as we should call it, which is owing mainly to our climate, makes toward meditation and consideration. We are not nervously “keyed up.” If we would let our meditative instincts have a larger place in our commercial interests, they would do much to counteract the scrambling ambition that measures progress in statistics. Third, we have vast resources of nature that we are quite capable of developing for ourselves if we were not so indolent, and if we had not acquired *the confirmed habit of calling ourselves poor*. We long ago recovered, economically, from the effects of the Civil War, and we might as well admit it, and come out from behind that shield for our laziness. We don't wish to be like the old lady who would not say “Hurrah for Harding!”, on the ground that she “had never recognized any President save Jefferson Davis, and, please God, she never would.”

The development of the South must be done by the South herself. The growth must be from the seed of southern strength of purpose and southern intellectual pride and southern industry. If this is not done, we shall find the fairest and most cultured civilization of modern times turned to commercial advantage and exploited. We are in a fair way to being developed from the outside in; we are being adopted

by capital from a more industrious as well as a more industrial section than our own. Are we going to submit through the weak fear that the alternative is to perish?

There is no reason why the South should not retain her independence of character while marching forward with world progress. Indeed, she will march all the better for it. There is a middle ground between the idle, impractical, slipshod methods and a crisp, tight commercial determination to pursue material advancement. And all this progress is such a dazzling thing that we are blinded to the one-sided grotesqueness of the monster we are building, and we are so busy patting ourselves on the back that we are like to forget that "the devil who tells us we do well, may say our deeds are chronicled in hell."

Just as forests are levelled to make place for cities, just as flowers are ploughed under to make arable land for crop-raising, so our manners are giving way to our haste, our hospitality to our instinct for gain, and our intellectualism to our commercialism. But though in material nature we cannot have both forest and plained lumber, both flowers and cultivated land, yet in the things of the spirit it is possible to add the new without relinquishing the old. We must conserve our spiritual forests and have some, at least, of our intellectual flowers left. The time has come for us to awake from that profound lack of comprehension that is a perfect revelation of ignorance, and to become aware of our responsibilities. We must keep alive the traditions of the old South. We must declare them unashamed, and not half-laugh them away as a weakness of a past generation.

Who will arise as prophet and interpreter of the South to recall her to her real self? Who will make her realise her value to the nation? Who will declaim against the unadulterated commercialism that is encroaching on her fair name? Who will tell of her great hidden strength of heart and soul and proclaim that "the soul is everything, and all industry is gauged by its effect on the freedom and enlargement of the soul"? Or will she be her own interpreter and so let her fine traditions so shine through her commercial life that for all time she

will be looked upon as the first to establish harmony between spirit and matter in the world of "fact" and "business"?

Material prosperity is much harder to endure than material poverty. We prayed through many hard years that we could be poor gracefully. Can we endure prosperity so well? In a word, *Can we afford to be rich?* We must look well into our consciences before we answer this question, for the loss of our spiritual grace is too high a price to pay for any material gain, and if we cannot prosper commercially without paying that price, we shall have to face the fact that we cannot afford to be rich. If we lose our true southern spirit we will retrogress, no matter how great our commercial development. Such development is not only right but inevitable. It is unavoidable; it is in the direct line of our march; but without the spirit it is deadly.

Coöperative Production and the Economics of Agriculture

S. D. CROMER AND BRYCE EDWARDS

The University of Missouri

The problem of agriculture at present is so to organize it as to be able to make it function properly in a new world of specialization and large business. Coöperation is necessary to place the farmer on an equal footing with organized business and labor. Coöperative enterprises are limited, however, by physical laws and by the laws of human nature. People do not coöperate, in general, unless they are driven to it. In agriculture the fact of distance and the immovable condition of land, make the nucleus of coöperation a local affair; hence to be successful the interests of the local community must be in common. Differences in soil may cause differences in quality of products that would prevent handling the products coöperatively. The irregularity of time in production, such as different ripening periods of varieties of apples, makes for differences in interests of growers. There are many barriers in physical nature to voluntary coöperation, yet it is in the diversity and peculiarities of human nature that the most serious draw-backs are found which have been the cause of most of the futile efforts and failures in coöperation.

To get at the fundamental principles underlying the limitations of coöperation in agriculture imposed by the facts of human nature that will operate under the competitive-individual-initiative system, it will be necessary to analyze the human equation of production.

Does man strive to produce for utility or value? Obviously a farmer producing wheat would only have to produce a very few bushels to produce sufficient for his own needs. Then the utility of the balance of his wheat is measured by him only in those other needs he can fill by exchanging that wheat. It is of no use to him unless he can sell it, and the degree of utility of the wheat is determined by the price he gets for it. Then he produces for value in the main.

What is value? Value implies a comparison and a preference. A thing has value when one values it more than something else and is willing to give up something for it. What has value to one person may have no value to another, however, for each man has a standard of his own which cannot be predicted, for it is as variable as human nature itself. An article must be useful to have value, and yet the air and water are the most useful and have no value. Then in addition to being useful it must be scarce. It must be something that someone else wants also, and that one cannot have for the asking. That competition for its possession determines its scarcity and makes value.

Any product that has value presupposes labor to have been expended in securing it. Labor is an expenditure of effort to secure some form of wealth, for no products of value can be obtained without labor. Even bounties of nature, such as fish, game, and fruits are secured through the labor of hunting, fishing, and gathering. Though all products of value entail labor, it does not follow that all labor produces wealth. A thing must be useful to be of value, and, since a surplus production above human wants is useless, it has no value.

In any production there are a number of phases of human energy expended. Some form of labor directed by intelligence is necessary in securing the product, in changing it, or in the rearrangement of its component parts. Labor is helpless without intelligence, as much so as intelligence is helpless without labor. The engineer and the laborers are both indispensable in the construction of a bridge.

The labor of invention is largely intellectual and all production is contingent upon its ramifications and efficiency. The simplest process must attribute its existence to invention; all that human beings have or live by are the fruits of inventive intellect. No productive enterprise should disregard the hope and need for inventive research.

The labor of supervision is necessary in all productive collective enterprises. For collective enterprises to be without supervision is chaos and anarchy, and will result in the dissipation of energy. The larger the scale of production, the more important complete supervision and coördination become.

Then in so far as agriculture lacks supervision, just that far it is running amuck blindly. A big problem of agriculture is to secure supervision in the grading and marketing of products. The assembling and redistribution of the more important agricultural products are immense tasks, yet, in most cases, this work is done without any comprehensive supervision. It is a collective enterprise operated by many independent-acting agents; hence it operates with confusion, conflict, and waste.

Labor, as it is here used, implies the suffering of pain,—the suffering from exertion or denial. The accomplishment of anything implies foregoing some alternative. Mankind does not generally work except under the pressure of necessity. A man may desire to suffer a greater tonnage of labor, working independently, rather than to have lesser pain that might be secured through compulsion or coöperation, and farmers of all peoples are so predisposed.

Time is an element of labor, for time is life itself, and to give up time for production is to suffer the pain of foregoing the pursuit of pleasure. A man cannot work every hour of the day, or every day of the year, or every year of his life. The time element in the use of capital is a service to the distribution of labor in time and deserves payment therefor. Coöperation in agricultural production saves labor by less painful distribution as to time. The actual working hours are reduced and cheaper capital is secured by more elastic credits. It makes the farmer a more efficient worker and powerful in bargaining.

Originally a man performed all of the phases of labor, more or less, independently. There could be but little division of labor for the man who ran around through trees picking up his food as fortune permitted and sleeping where night found him. The benefits of intellect, of invention, of time, of capital, of communion with other men were to him denied by his own narrow personal knowledge and skill. It is division of labor and specialization that have helped pull mankind from this mire of incompetence and ignorance.

Division of labor presupposes conscious association and this is the age of association. Of the thousands of processes of our everyday life,—eating, sleeping, homebuilding, production,

pleasure,—all are contingent upon innumerable acts of association. These associations take the form of competition, communism, coöperation or compulsion. The degree of associations into specialization, is the degree of economy and efficiency of society. Agriculture by its very nature is restricted in associations and integration, so that the benefits of division of labor have not been and cannot be very far extended.

The association of mankind is instinctive. Very early in the history of mankind there was the association of the family when the man did his special work, the woman hers and often the children still another special task. When asked why he had a family, an American Indian replied that he had a family because his wife cooked his meals, carried his loads, made his wigwam, and his children gathered fuel. These associations were carried further in the clan and tribe where some men made spears, others caught fish, and some caught animals and tanned skins, according to their abilities and desires, and practiced exchange.

Another and later form of association was coercive, as in slavery. There were many forms of this group labor, as the galley slave of the Romans, and the Egyptian regal slaves who were chained and worked in unison as so many teams of horses.

We find a milder and more pleasant association for the division of labor in the serfdom system of Western Europe, where the master furnished the protection and intellect, and the man performed the manual labor. Under this system labor was an obligation and though it brought rewards in greater production and protection, it was in time supplanted by the more equitable guild system.

Under the guild system it was only those of merit who could labor and secure the benefits of labor. The obligation of labor was changed into a privilege. Here association and division of labor was a process imposing a hardship on those who were not permitted to participate, whether it be manual or intellectual labor.

This guild system of association has evolved into our system of master and man of industry. Barriers arose between the units of the division of labor. They became dissociated and separated. As the life of manager and workman became less

and less familiar and the aims of capital and manual labor widened in their viewpoints, social association to a large extent ceased. As fraternity and sympathetic understanding are the basis of harmonious association, there has arisen from mutual suspicion a great chasm of misunderstanding, as great among capitalists as among laborers. Suspicion is the product of lack of sympathy; ignorance begets doubt; a sense of opposing aims causes hatred and class consciousness; and class consciousness is the mother of conflict and discord. As the oneness of purpose of our system is revealed under introspection it becomes apparent that mankind is a unified association striving through the division of labor and coöperation with productive competition to produce the needs of its life in the most economical and efficient manner. In the large we all have our shoulders against the same wheel and our interests are in common. The dissensions that arise are either the product of ignorance or grievances over the perpetual shifting scale of evaluation.

The hardest thing in human life is to obey or conform to rules. In addition, the long centuries of hardships and inequality suffered by labor have made the freedom-loving American farmer look with distaste upon any association or combination in which he loses a part of his independence. Even if dividing work and working together would bring greater accomplishments to the farmer, it is most difficult for him to coöperate. Within certain limits the price-value of labor or capital is based on scarcity and utility; therefore the farmer's aim should be to make his products as useful as possible and prevent over-production,—which necessitates coöperation.

The ultimate solution of human association would be the distinct consciousness of every person that he is a member of a collective undertaking, with the firm resolution to coöperate in it. This is at present beyond the development of the human race. Self-interest, prejudice, and ignorance, coupled with the present state of human mental development, make it impossible. In practice, coöperation for production has always failed, most strikingly in agriculture.

To adjust most nearly valuation on a fair and equitable basis there must be an equilibrium between supply and demand.

The health of the social body depends upon it. Over-supply results in the cheapening of the price per unit of the labor going into the production. It results in waste of wealth and energy. Underproduction results in too great competition for too few goods, with resultant inflated prices and dissatisfaction. Certain wants of some men will remain unsatisfied. Agriculture needs a balanced production, which calls for balanced population, rational production and consumption.

To function, the barometer of supply and demand presupposes freedom of labor and competition, which means that labor may work at that industry that pays the most money. It results in a continual seeking for a more remunerative job, and a shifting of labor from one kind of production to another. Since self-interest and competition are universal, this looking for greater profits is ever awake and ever vigilant, tending to result in an equilibrium of prices, and since an equilibrium of prices means an adjustment of supply to demand, the freedom of labor results in social health. Likewise, capitalists and *entrepreneurs* are continually seeking the more profitable fields. Production that is below the needs of mankind pays well because of its scarcity, and therefore attracts new *entrepreneurs* and new capital until the supply and demand are balanced.

The adjustment of supply to demand by freedom of labor and competition does not work automatically and quickly, but very clumsily. In specialization men are not trained so that they can quickly change occupations at will. Lack of information and erroneous conceptions of the earnings of others hinder its correct action; personal preferences and immobility alter its ready adjustments. It so happens that some industries lend themselves to an economic adjustment of supply and demand and others do not with ease. Large manufacturing interests can get information as to the needs of their trade and, if there is greater demand, quickly increase their production, or if there is an oversupply, withhold production to the point of demand, thus stabilizing prices and saving loss. The larger the industry and the quicker its turnover, the better it is able to keep the supply universally near the demand point at the desired price. Farmers are at a great disadvantage in correlating supply and demand, because, first, the millions of farmers

work independently and without knowledge of what other farmers are doing, and, second, the nature of the capital invested on the farm, the land and improvements, is such that it cannot easily be diverted into other lines of industry.

The labor on the farm is not so easily shifted into more remunerative fields since, though the farmer is highly specialized, yet his skill cannot be used in industry. If he goes into an urban occupation, it must, in general, be as a common laborer. As a merchant he frequently fails, due to lack of commercial skill. The farmer is usually so isolated from urban life than he cannot find more remunerative jobs. He does not learn of them. It is a good thing for agriculture that the surplus young men of the rural districts go to industrial centers, for this reduces agricultural production and the supply of farm labor, thereby increasing the wage of those remaining. Seasonal production hampers the free movement of farm labor into the most remunerative production. It is only in the long time striving to hit the highest market and to grow the crops where prices give promise of being high, that farmers partially succeed in stabilizing production.

Concentration of production and distribution is a rule which results from attempts to control the supply to meet the needs of the public demand over the whole of a given territory. The large enterprises are not only the result of the law of concentration, but also of an ever-widening market. In addition to economic benefits of gauging supply to demand, concentration into big companies produces more wealth at the same cost and allows for the utilization of by-products. The larger the industry, the higher the degree of specialization in production with its economic savings, and the wider range of vision has the industry in regard to correct supply and correct distribution. It is through a more efficient distribution, less overhead per unit, and in superior bargaining power that the large industry has the big advantage over the small industry. In production the small plant can often equal or excel the large plant in efficiency. Mammoth industries are commendable, for the consumers are admitted to the benefits of the large production by reduced prices, and the laborer gets higher wages and better working conditions in general. Beyond a certain point con-

centration of industry has been found to be uneconomic. The large stores in Paris,—the Louvre and Bon Marché,—have not found it practical to go beyond a certain point. Railways find it practical to let independent farmers and *entrepreneurs* exploit the territory through which they run.

Though the large industry is of service to man, small industry is more favorable to a good distribution of wealth and social peace, and the small industry need not be powerless or unprogressive in comparison to the large industry, for small producers may associate and adopt common agencies without sacrificing their independence. Through coöperative societies a large number of small industries might be on a competitive par with the large corporation in bargaining power and economic distribution.

Concentration of capital and labor into large industries, or of small industries into coöperative societies, causes to follow in its wake the specialization into one particular branch of production and then the absorption of all industries complementary to this specialization. The Standard Oil Company operates as subsidiary companies large fleets of vessels, its own railroads, freight cars, retail stations, factories for manufacturing drills and equipment, etc. The Citrus Fruit Growers Association of California owns its own timber lands and a mill for making boxes, a supply company, etc. This development of subsidiary industries is called integration, and is one step farther in specialization, enabling a concern to push the production of certain items toward the point of perfection. It may be called coöperative-specialization.

All forms of industry tend to localization or grouping into regions. The reason for this is that a large regional market is economic to buyers and attracts them. Proximity to supplies or favorable producing conditions are other causes. This grouping occurs only with those industries doing export and distant trading. The competitive concerns may compose a regional industry; there are always more or less benefits secured by coöperation in details.

The nature of the business of farming imposes exceptions to the economic laws of business in general. Because farms are scattered over whole areas of cultivated ground and cannot

be moved, the law of concentration of industry cannot be applied to agriculture in general. A large farm is no more concentrated than a small one. In fact, the operation of the small farm might be more concentrated. Farm operations that are too extensive or intensive inevitably bring losses, following the law of diminishing returns. A family-sized farm has proved to be the most economic unit of production under the present system.

There can be very little division of labor on the farm. This is not only due to the impracticability either of large units or concentration, but also due to the nature of the work. The work is spread out over the various seasons of the year and is so varied in character that one man must do a great many different tasks. In fact, the more successful he is in securing a multiple rotation and an all-season variety of work so as to keep himself busy at all times, the more efficient is the operation. Climatic conditions, insect pests, and other variable conditions make the work intermittent and impossible of thorough time-planning.

The law of integration cannot be applied to the farm unit chiefly due to the smallness of the unit and because, in larger estates, of lack of requisite machinery, capital and technical ability. Some of the large plantations of the South produce and manufacture many of the items for local consumption on the plantation. However, making a farm self-sufficing and independent is not integration, but polyculture. The farmer might produce many of the things he needs on the farm at idle times, but to attempt complete self-sufficiency is neither feasible nor economic. It results in low production per man and the miserable peasantry found in early agriculture and in the backward regions of the world today. In the Revolutionary period in the United States the production per family was $1\frac{1}{2}$ times its own needs. The family production of the present-day American farm is three times its needs.

It is clear that the process of industrializing the farm is confined within narrow limits. That explains why so many failures and disappointments have occurred and are occurring in the evolution of farming. As a country becomes more densely populated the evolution of agriculture makes attempts at con-

centration through intensive farming. Capital is concentrated into a smaller tract of land by enriching the ground, by irrigation, and by enlarging the bill of labor per acre. In this way the acre-yield has been multiplied three, four, and even more times in such countries as England, Germany, and France. There is also a tendency to change from low-valued cereals to higher priced vegetables and fruits for human consumption, which can yield great values per acre. So the farmers of parts of Europe and around our large cities may receive several hundred dollars of produce from an acre in a season. This is still further concentrated by covering the ground with glass and producing crops out of season. More than a thousand dollars from a single acre have been obtained in this way near Chicago. In France especially the labor given to an acre is intensified by growing crops for seeds. Specialties are grown instead of staple field crops. Thus it would seem from the European precedent that the concentration of agriculture tends to specialization in market gardening, production of specialties, heavy fertility charges, and the most labor possible per acre. In general this results in a cheapening of labor, in more labor by hand and less with machinery, and in small farms.

This tendency is sanctioned and promoted by the leading teachers and governments of Europe. Their doctrine is to make greater national resources and independence by the greatest possible production per acre, regardless of the unfavorable production per man. From the viewpoint of the agriculturist this is a false ideal. The farmer will gain most in prosperity and standing with the true ideal of the maximum production per man on a large rather than a small farm. It is well known that the peasantry which results from much hand work on small tracts with the resultant small income is one of the most ignoble and depraved classes of people on earth. The hope of the agricultural industry, according to the American ideal, is to extend the work of a man by the use of machinery and improved devices and science so as to economize labor, gain time, and reduce costs in terms of labor-pains as well as in terms of dollars,—and still further to substitute animal and mechanical power for human labor and to develop animals that will better serve the farmer.

Because agriculture by its nature is not conducive to concentration, to division of labor, and to integration as a productive business, the conclusion is that individual enterprise in production must be the rule.

Exceptions to this generalization are common. In a great many localities in the Central Valley the farmers coöperate in production by exchanging labor, and in the North they coöperate by making maple sugar in parties; elsewhere they incorporate for drainage purposes, exterminating pests and disease, and so on. But these side issues are only incidental to the main problem.

To summarize: the business of farming cannot be industrialized as manufacturing is. Farming does not lend itself to divisions of labor, to concentration of capital or to integration. The conclusion is that production in farming is best done by the family-sized farm. The peasant farm is so small that the farmer is weighed down with drudging labor which pays him only a meager labor income. His standard of living is low, his children are not educated, and in many cases he becomes a despicable and radical citizen. On the other hand, the very large, so-called bonanza farms are less efficient in production than the family-sized farm. Socially they are a blight, for in the communities in which they predominate there are inferior churches, schools, and undesirable social life. The laborers are in many cases hard-driven and live a barren life.

Not only is the family-sized farm more efficient in production but also it is more desirable socially. The country must produce, in the long run, the population of the world. In the present generation it produces the population of the country and a part of that of the cities. The human resource is the most valuable asset of any country or community, and it is the family-sized farm that produces the highest type of human beings. This optimum-sized farm gives the maximum production per man with the highest possible labor income. The European policy of securing the highest production per acre, which leads to small farms and very great intensity of labor per acre, results in meager labor income; and the more agreeable work that issues from a large farm and the use of

machinery results in the family-sized farm which is able to support the family in comfort and well-being, to educate and rear sound, conservative children.

A family-sized farm is a two-man farm, requiring a hired hand in addition to operator. The question as to the number of acres for a two-man farm has been the subject for much research which has yielded valuable information. The kind of product has important bearing on the size of the farm. History has revealed that the economic superiority of one size over another is dependent in one phase on the respective relative advantages in regard to certain kinds of products. A given farm may be rich or poor or may be especially adapted to certain uses. The production of grains, of sheep, or of beef cattle requires many more acres than the production of fruits, vegetables or dairy products.

In England from 1850 to 1880 the tendency for large farms of 500 to 1,000 acres was due to the satisfactory profits from grains and livestock. However, the agricultural crisis of 1880 with its flood of cheap grains and meats from foreign sources, annihilated the profits of the old type of farming. Tenants refused to rent the larger farms, finding it more profitable to take a fifty to one-hundred acre farm and feed stock, run dairies, or grow vegetables. It was only these crops that the Englishman could produce as cheaply as the foreigners after considering transportation charges and perishability.

Though the large type of farm no longer paid well in England it persisted, due to the disinclination of the landed gentry to subdivide or sell the land from their family. The land had too high a selling-price because of its possible future value, or because of alternative uses, such as for sports, shooting, or country estates. Conditions of sale prevented many farms from being subdivided. The small farm, however, paid the landlord the highest rent. The maintenance of large farms through lowering the rent has caused the production of grains in England which could have been imported more cheaply, consequently lowering the total agricultural wealth production. Therefore it may be concluded that the first considera-

tion in arriving at the optimum family-size of farm is that of the most profitable crops which can be grown in the community under consideration.

Under general diversified farming conditions in the United States, the optimum family-sized farm is from 200 to 250 acres in area. The American general farm of from 200 to 400 acres makes the largest labor income for the operator, affording him sufficient income for a desirable living and enabling him properly to raise and educate his children. After long investigation and research, Professor O. R. Johnson found that on the large Missouri farms in Johnson County a man handled over 75 acres of land, whereas on small farms he handled only 15 acres. The smaller farms yielded only a few hundred dollars in labor income, whereas the larger farms yielded over one thousand dollars in labor income. The relative overhead costs, such as costs of buildings and equipment, were always higher on the small farms. It has been observed in Denmark that the farmer with less than around 25 acres is radical.

Mr. Johnson found that it is better for a man to rent 200 acres when he has \$5,000 capital than it is for him to own a small farm. To own land a farmer must first set aside \$5,000 for equipment capital. If he has any additional money he may well make half payment on eighty acres in a community where he can rent additional land. As he accumulates more money he may make additional purchases until he owns the optimum-sized farm. Extensive surveys revealed the fact that the labor income of tenants was \$500 and that of part owners on the same sized farms was \$456, whereas the labor income of owners was only \$314. It is evident from these findings, economically considered, that it is better to have tenantry on large farms than ownership on small farms. Figures reveal the fact that the owner farming his own land makes a higher rate of interest than owners renting their land for cash or shares. This is an unalterable check to tenantry.

The application of capital to land is found to be definitely fixed at an optimum amount from which diminishing returns set in, whether more or less is applied. From an investment

of \$40 to \$85 an acre in Missouri the labor income increased in amount, but a greater investment required allowance for so much interest that the total net labor income was reduced.

Education is found to be an important factor in the efficiency of the farmer. In the surveys one man in seven of low incomes had more than a rural school education, whereas one in three of the higher incomes had more than a rural school education.

A summary of the nature of farming shows that the family-sized-farm of the maximum production per man is the most efficient and satisfactory means of production and that the nature of the product, education, land tenure and the amount of applied capital are factors in labor income. When the individual farmer has produced his crops he then has to bargain with the organized business world for their sale and for his purchases. Herein he is weak and nearly helpless because alone he cannot sell in large quantities. He cannot guarantee uniform quality. He has not the facilities for standardization, for economical large-scale handling, for advertising, for establishing trade connections, or reducing the unit cost of shipping and selling. He is ignorant of marketing and markets and has not the training or ability to bargain with the commercial world, nor has he the power and wealth to secure justice and fair treatment. Coöperation is the star to which the farmer must fix his hope for efficiency and success in distribution and purchasing. By organization in large societies the farmers can satisfy the consumers and get the largest share of the selling price of his goods, as well as buy his supplies on the closest margin. Farming lends itself to coöperation in buying and selling perhaps better than does industry, because the burden of marketing farm products is greatly increased by the smallness of the farm unit. Production is by a small entity, the farm; and consumption is by a small unit, the family. With a specialized world a very complicated and far-reaching marketing system is necessary. It is not the hope of coöperation to simplify to any great extent, if any, the marketing system, but it is hoped that coöperation may reduce the frictions and wastes and lessen the social burden entailed in unintelligent, sporadic, spasmodic, and dishonest handling of goods.

The present system does not adjust supply and demand,—the marketing machinery is too clumsy. There is not enough centralization of direction for its complexity, and it is expensively run. The operators may be criticised for inefficiency, dishonesty and unfairness. But not knowing market requirements the farmers send products to the market centers that are unfit for sale or use unless they are worked over at great expense. Jobbers must continually strive to remedy the anarchy of spasmodic gluts and surplus. The whole distribution system works badly because it operates in disjointed parts instead of as a coördinating whole.

Thackeray's Romanticism

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With confidence one may look to Mr. James Branch Cabell to make two blades of romanticism grow where only one, or none at all, grew before. In the case of Thackeray, as elsewhere, he finds what he seeks. But his evidence, as he presents it on a few odd pages of *Beyond Life*, is strangely, and unnecessarily, superficial. Surer proof would be of a more subtle, more recondite, character than that Thackeray "avoids many a logical outcome of circumstance . . . by killing off somebody and blinding the reader with a tear-drenched handkerchief;" or that he holds in reserve always the "unsuspected document" with which the god may step out of the machine and right matters at the end. So much one can accept as tokens that Thackeray, whether romanticist or not, was undoubtedly an imperfect technician. Less credible is Mr. Cabell's assertion that Thackeray's romanticism lies patent in the fact that a historical novel, *Esmond*, is his best work. For in *Esmond*, certainly, Thackeray has shown the body of the time its form and pressure so successfully that the effect is as realistic as in the novel of contemporary life. No one has ever felt that there were two Thackerays, one the realist of nineteenth century London, the other the historical romancer of the eighteenth century. For purely surface indications of his romanticism one might better cite his fairy story, *The Rose and the Ring*, or his chanting of bouillabaise and the mahogany-tree.

But his romanticism lies deeper than that. By Freudian slips he reveals himself. In his comments on fiction, as they appear explicit in criticism or implicit in parody, one detects, out of peradventure, that the avowed realist of *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, and *Vanity Fair* was in point of fact a romanticist, though frustrate. Honest-to-goodness, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die romance-writing was impossible for him; his eyes looked at life and the arts of fiction-making too keenly. A fleeing spirit of truth sat in his brain and refused to suppress its comment. But somehow his romanticism had to come out.

So it took vent in the sentiment and didacticism which so oddly color his satire. There is just one Thackeray, but he boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with, and one—his heart of hearts—romantic.

I

The twinship discloses itself in his reminiscence of his early novel-reading and more so in his criticism of contemporary fiction, his own or others'. Throughout his life he enjoyed romances, especially those, paradoxically enough, which contain not too much love-making. He began what he called "the noble study of the novel" with *Scotish Chiefs*. Towards the end of his life he declared that the novels he liked best were those "without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing." He read novels, like Stevenson, not for analysis of character or ethical significance, but, as Stevenson put it about his own tastes, "for some quality of the brute incident." During Thackeray's school-days Dumas "delighted and blinded him to all the rest of the world." To Scott, greatest of romancers, he also does reverence as "the friend whom we recall as the constant benefactor of our youth." "How well I remember," he exclaims, "the type and the brownish paper of the old duodecimo *Tales of My Landlord*! I have never dared to read *The Pirate* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, or *Kenilworth*, from that day to this, because the finale is unhappy, and people die, and are buried at the end." Emerson, we recall, frequently re-read *The Bride of Lammermoor* for its moral purpose and its Aeschylean sense of Fate. Not so Thackeray. He exclaims rather over *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward*, "Oh! for a half-holiday, and a quiet corner, and one of those books again." Nor was his romance-reading confined to the works of the masters. Mr. Irvin Cobb has lately exalted the dime novel of his youth over the mawkishness and unreality of McGuffey's *Reader*. Stevenson speaks eloquently of his joy in the garishness of Skelt's *Juvenile Drama*. And Thackeray asks: "Do I not recollect the nun's cell in *The Monk*, or in *The Romance of the Forest*? or, if not there, at any rate in a thousand noble romances, read in early days of half-holiday perhaps—romances at twopence a volume?"

Later in life he spoke of Marryat's *Jacob Faithful* as "dearly beloved," and of Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White* as "thrilling." *Jane Eyre*, the second edition of which Charlotte Brontë dedicated to him, thinking him a great social reformer, and ignorant that he loved romance, he described as "that master-work of a great genius" with "strange fascinations."

Yet parallel to this admiration of the pure romantic, there runs, in this novel-reader, the realistic attitude, and the sentimentally moralizing tendency, of the novel-writer. Why else, one must ask (though for this slip in judgment Stevenson has sufficiently reproved him), should he have preferred the actual D'Artagnan of the *Memoirs* to the idealized D'Artagnan of Dumas? How else account for his admiration of Miss Edgeworth:

Have you got anything so good and kinly as dear Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*? It used to belong to a fellow's sisters generally; but though he pretended to despise it, and said, "Oh, stuff for girls!" he read it; and I think there were one or two passages which would try my eyes now, were I to meet with the little book.

And to what else is due this incredible collocation of Maria Edgeworth and Alexandre Dumas—at the only point, it is true, where that collocation would be possible: "Did you ever read the *Tulipe Noire*, as modest as a story by Miss Edgeworth?"

So much for the kind of novels Thackeray liked best to read. What of those he would have liked to write? Why were his desires and his performances so opposed? And what is the consequence of the opposition? "I tell you," he says, almost as if in earnest, "I would like to be able to write a story which would show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth) but an incident in every other page, a villain, a battle, and a mystery in every chapter." But he is as well aware as anybody that he must tell the realistic truth.

And if realism will out, so, too, must the romantic streak show itself. But it appears on its reverse side, as is perhaps inevitable if it is to match with realism. Hence we see it only as a pleasing clerical gray, or as a sentimental, though perfectly proper and suitably restrained, lavender. Now and then these

colors have faded, by too much exposure, into the grimmer hues of cynicism. Why is it that Thackeray, as he confesses, is "forever taking the Muse by the sleeve, and plaguing her by some of his cynical sermons?" Why, but because he is subconsciously aware that in fastening his attention on character-drawing, and on the tawdriness which is the certain result of the weakness or the vice of real men and women, he is betraying a part of himself—a part which would prefer to forget the ugliness of things as they are, and can only find solace in sermonizing.

For his comments-by-the-day Thackeray offers a quite different justification, which may obtain some acceptance, if only the explanation just given be not forgotten. He pleads his case thus: "In his constant communication with the reader, the writer is forced into frankness of expression, and to speak out his own mind and feelings as they urge him. . . . Of a writer, who delivers himself up to you perforce unreservedly, you say, Is he honest? Does he tell the truth in the main?" Thackeray has what he ascribes to Fielding, "an admirable natural love of truth."

And what is truth? For Thackeray it is an accurate, unabashed transcript of life, realism. It includes also a hatred of sham and pretense. But it is above all a personal, individual thing, what Pater calls the writer's sense of the fact, quite remote from the cold aloofness of Howells, or his beloved Russians, or the early Henry James. And so it involves that habit of preaching for which Thackeray is either praised or damned, a habit absolutely necessary to a person of his temperament with its thwarted bent toward romanticism. Possessed of such a disposition, Thackeray could not rest easy until the reader was acquainted with everything, not only what had happened, but what Thackeray thought about it. Only this was for him the complete truth. For Thackeray the novel was the novelist. What, he asks, could be more surely truthful than that? And we may retort: What could be more romantic?

II

In Thackeray's ironic comments on the tendencies of the novels and romances of his day, and in his parodies of that

fiction, his romanticism may be interestingly traced. Sometimes it appears only in such form as his satirical purpose and controlling realism would permit. At other times it comes out almost flagrantly in its original shape.

The prime motive in his satire is a hatred of sham and affectation. But through this hatred peeps his liking for the romantic. In the preface to *Pendennis* he lamented his inability to follow the model set him in *Tom Jones*, to reveal man as in his temptations, his foibles, his passions, and his selfishness he really is. He could not, he thought, for "Society will not tolerate the Natural in our Art." Yet if the Society to which he owed ultimate allegiance would but understand his fundamentally moral, fundamentally sentimental, shall we say? fundamentally romantic purpose! In the case of *Pendennis*, his sole object was to show that his hero "had the passions to feel, and the manliness and generosity to overcome them." True, "a little more frankness than usual has been attempted in this story." But attempted with what concern for his readers', and we may guess, his own feelings—he, who loved to read romances and must always regret that he could not write them. For the experiment in frankness was made, he declared, "with no bad desire on the writer's part, it is hoped, and with no ill consequence to any reader. If truth is not always pleasant, at any rate truth is best." Realism was not always pleasant for him, and his only consolation was to show that the realistic spectacle of moral weakness and strength in the same person may be almost romantically attractive. "Sir Roger de Coverley," he says, "we love." And why? "For his vanities as much as his virtues."

A pathetic consequence of Thackeray's enforced renunciation of romance is that it brought with it a renunciation of popularity. And he was aware of the fact. He knew what pleased human nature, what, indeed, pleased his own.

I suppose . . . there must always be in the story a virtuous and gallant hero, a wicked monster his opposite, and a pretty girl who finds her champion; bravery and virtue conquer beauty; and vice . . . is sure to be discomfited in the last volume. . . . There never was perhaps a greatly popular story but this simple plot was carried through it; mere satiric wit is addressed to a class of readers and thinkers quite different to those simple souls who laugh and weep over the novel.

Thackeray laughed and wept over this type of romance; we have had evidence for that. But his soul was complex, having room for irony toward the very thing it loved. The supernally virtuous man Thackeray would not take for his hero. Nor would he take the surpassingly accomplished woman of romance as his heroine. But how thoroughly he had studied and how much he appreciated her versatility, and with what tinge of regret does he miss the popularity attained by her creator! She is, as he describes her,

So beautiful that she would charm the captain (or hero, whoever he may be) with her appearance; surprise and confound the bishop with learning; outride the squire and get the brush, and when he fell from his horse, whip out a lancet and bleed him; rescue from fever and death the poor cottager's family whom the doctor had given up; make twenty-one at the butts with the rifle, when the poor captain only scored eighteen; give him twenty in fifty at billiards and beat him; and draw tears from the professional people by her exquisite performance (of voice and violoncello) in the evening—I say, if a novelist would be popular with ladies—the great novel-readers of the world—this is the sort of heroine who would carry him through half-a-dozen editions.

The exaggeration employed here is similar to that in Thackeray's burlesques *Novels by Eminent Hands* and other parodies. In *Rebecca and Rowena* he satisfied an ambition to marry Ivanhoe to Rebecca. What better can illustrate where his inclination might have led him if his realism had let him alone! Rank and station, race, custom, even that tyrannous Society of his, all neglected for the sake of giving satisfaction to romantic love. Noticeably in these burlesques he is kindly disposed toward the great romancers. Scott he treats gently, poking a little fun at the middle-class qualities of Rowena. Cooper he also deals with not too harshly, mocking his chauvinism, as *Stars and Stripes*, the title of the burlesque, indicates, and deriding him for the super-nautical nature of his dialogue. When he inveighs against the romance-writers, he objects to defects not in realism, but in the technique of romance. In the case of Lever, the defect is lack of originality in method. There are in his novels apparently too many, too

Hibernian heroes, too often equally breezy and brassy in the presence of enormous quantities of food, men of title, women, and battle, murder and sudden death.

His most nearly cruel satire is directed against those who were applying romantic methods to what he regarded as a sacredly realistic subject, the Society of nineteenth century London, which he had taken to be his own province. In *Lords and Liveries*, he jibes at Mrs. Gore, a now forgotten Robert W. Chambers of the period, for her extraordinary number of titled characters and her gallicised English. In *Codlingsby* he mimicked the tinsel brilliance of Disraeli's descriptions.

Some of this satire was effective. Disraeli, the imperturbable creator of characters in his own image, did not rest easy, until he had, by means of the character St. Barbe in *Endymion*, obtained a not unjustifiable revenge. He pictured Thackeray as jealous of the romantic novelist's popularity and greedy for the money that went with it. For at least the former part of the accusation he had, as we know, some basis in fact. False, but intriguingly malicious, is the insinuation that Thackeray knew perfectly the general characteristics of human nature, but was ignorant of the Society which he assumed to depict, dearly loved a lord, and was overwhelmed with snobbish glee at the opportunity of meeting one. On this side of the grave Thackeray was unable to get back at Lord Beaconsfield, for *Endymion* appeared twenty years after Thackeray's death. I commend to the writer of *The Houseboat on the Styx* this opportunity for a post-impression.

Probably in Dizzy's case Thackeray was out more for fun than for reformation. But in *Catherine* he earnestly looked for results. There his purpose was primarily to cast into disrepute the type of rogue novel represented by Dickens's *Oliver Twist*. This in spite of the fact that *Gil Blas* was one of his favorites and that his own *Barry Lyndon*, like his master's *Jonathan Wild*, is pure picaresque. But he is not inconsistent. His objection was not to the novel with the rogue as protagonist, but to that where the rogue is not every inch a rogue, and where his faults are sentimentally palliated. At bottom that at which Thackeray takes offense is the confusion of the realistic and the romantic. For he is convinced that one fas-

cination of the romantic hero is his very goodness; and if the villain becomes the hero, this element in romance disappears. It can be replaced only by imputing to the wicked admirable sentiments, and these must be utterly inconsistent with their actions. "Don't," Thackeray beseeches, "let us have any juggling and thimblerrigging with virtue and vice, so that, at the end of three volumes, the bewildered reader shall not know which is which; don't let us find ourselves kindling at the generous qualities of thieves, and sympathizing with the rascalities of noble hearts." Thackeray, thou shouldst be living at this hour!

Sham sentimentality Thackeray scorned, and the absurdity of its clash with realism he pointed to in his "rhymed review," *The Sorrows of Werther*.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Only one kind of sentiment conjoins suitably with realism. This is the author's honest comment on his characters, and the merit of their thoughts and actions, which enables us to see them in their true light. The villain may fool all around him by a display of virtue, as does Iago, but his creator knows better, and intends that the audience shall see him in his true light. Instead of the soliloquies of the dramatist, in which the villain reveals his own wickedness and the good man his own virtue, Thackeray substitutes himself as the omniscient Chorus. To him the reader may turn with confidence whenever he feels the need of distinguishing the black sheep from his scapegoat. Best of all, in the homilies which accompany the labeling, Thackeray found a recompense for what one imperious lobe of his brain had otherwise denied him. The inhibiting force of his compelling realism had prevented him from drawing those ideal ladies and gentlemen about whose essential goodness and admirableness there never can be any doubt. As a result the elements were so mixed in his *dramatis personae* that the world recognized them as men and women rather than as heroes and heroines. But in preaching about them, there was for his estopped romanticism a way out.

Thackeray could have found no sympathy with Sainte-

Beuve's comment on *Gil Blas*, that it is "moral like experience." For him morality, like truth, inevitably connotes preaching. Only in that preaching can his own sentimental, romantic heart manifest itself. In *Vanity Fair*, while describing his purpose concerning his characters, he lets us into the secrets of his own innermost feelings:

Occasionally to step down from the platform, and talk about them; if they are good and kindly, to love and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms politeness admits of. Otherwise you might fancy that it was I who was sneering at the practise of devotion, which Miss Sharp finds so ridiculous; that it was I who laughed good-humoredly at the railing old Silenus of a baronet.

What! Mistake you, you deep-dyed romanticist, mistake you? And yet were it not for this very preaching, we might have been deceived.

National Elements in Stephen Foster's Art

J. G. BURNETT

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

That national peculiarities, prejudices, and misunderstandings are transient, evanescent, and meaningless when fused by personality, finds apt illustration in connection with a recent resolution of the Kentucky Assembly. No sooner had the Legislature of Kentucky appointed a commission to acquire as a memorial to Stephen Foster "Federal Hill Manor," where "Old Kentucky Home" was written, than Pittsburgh felt a thrill of pride and telegraphed her order of support. This incident naturally suggests some thoughts on the broader and more truly national influences of Foster's art.

Stephen Collins Foster was born in Pittsburg at noon, July 4, 1824, the day that both Adams and Jefferson passed through the shadows. If in prophetic vision these patriots foresaw the dispute, vindictiveness and ungovernable passion that was to threaten the young Republic and end in bloody fratricidal strife, let us hope that they also foresaw how this human mite was to pluck the white flower of love from our national crown of thorns and immortalize its beauty, not by irrefutable logic, but by the power of verse and song. It is not our purpose, however, to enlarge upon biography further than is necessary to reveal some phase of his personality, or some quality of his work. While it is impossible to trace the beginnings of any life history back through interwoven conditions or generations in order to see at what time Fate said: "I find thee worthy; do this deed for me," yet there are undoubted facts of environment and heredity that certainly influenced the character and the art of this melodist.

His birthplace, which has been acquired by Pittsburgh as a memorial and has become a shrine for pilgrims from all parts of the globe, stands now almost within the confines of tenement districts, yet in 1824 the then thriving little city lay two and a half miles below the broad pasture lands and wooded acres owned by William Foster. The location chosen for the family country seat, known as "White Cottage," evinced in its

founder a decided feeling for nature, as it afforded an unobstructed view of the beautiful hills that cradle the crystal waters of the Allegheny and yet was accessible to the city, as the highway of what was then the far west and the great east ran through the estate. There is no doubt that "White Cottage" was the abode of unusual wealth and refinement, such as was in keeping with the prosperous merchant, the leading citizen, the public servant, honored with trusts by his fellows, the guardian of education, and the zealous churchman—for such was William Barclay Foster, father of the poet.

William Foster was of pure Celtic stock, a native of Virginia, born and reared in the social and economic conditions that were favorable to slavery and made it flourish. At sixteen, carrying with him the traditions, the manners, and the customs of the land of the Cavalier, he came to Pittsburgh. In an incredibly short time, by industry, cleverness, and a genius for details, he made himself a noted factor in merchant circles. From him the son inherited the Celtic peculiarity of visioning nature and life in its minutest details.

But the father who gave him temperamental traits and the enviable material environment whereby life was not too hard for the artistic temperament to flourish, was not the only source of inherent and acquired excellence. His mother was a woman of rare beauty and noble character. She was descended from English ancestors, long settled on the eastern shore of Maryland, and from a family gifted in music and poetry. Elizabeth Foster, born in affluence, bred amidst unusual opportunities, was always distinguished by deep religious feeling; this so impressed itself upon her children that their wildest mood never carried them beyond its restraint. She was also endowed with rare common sense that drew back from the too unusual or the too unique. Fearing those common extremes, exhibited by people of an artistic temperament, she opposed her son's becoming a professional poet or musician. That her intuitions were justified is proven by the fact that Stephen Foster verified tradition by living the wild, irregular life of genius. That his wayward habits were never so pronounced as to shut out a vision of the noble, the beautiful, and the good is doubtless due to her influence. The pathos and remorse voiced in "Com-

rades Fill no Glass for Me" needs no comment. "A Dream of My Mother" and "Farewell, Sweet Mother" show that filial love and its teachings held sway in his soul to the last.

At his thirty-eighth year the fires of genius went out; he died in New York City and lies buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, on the hills across the river from "White Cottage." The solicitude of the mother had sent him to Cincinnati to learn the "ways of trade" with his brother, but nothing could change the direction of his inclinations. In that bustling Ohio City a deeper and closer intimacy with slavery and its attendant institutions was afforded by voyages up and down the Ohio and the Mississippi. Nevertheless, it is a mistake to suppose that Foster's knowledge and interpretation of negro life and character was largely or fundamentally acquired on these trips. The father and mother were both born and bred where the institution of slavery, at least economically, was taken as a matter of course, and where no family was without its negro servant or servants.

That the Foster family brought to their northern home the institutions, the customs, and the manners of their forbears is an unquestioned fact. In the veins of his mulatto nurse mingled the blood of a West-India negro mother and of a French father. This "bound girl" Olivia was an expert dancer and taught the art in "select families." She was accustomed to take the child Stephen to her own church. If we knew only this fact it would tell us how the traditions, the customs, and the feelings of the "Old South" were transmitted to this, and to many other households of early Pittsburgh. In the close domestic relations with negro servants in his own home and the homes of relatives, as well as by observation while associated in business with his brother, we must look for the influences that made Foster the true interpreter of the thoughts and the emotions of a race placed in a unique and never-to-be-repeated relation to another people. No other people ever came into contact with the black race in the same intimacy, the same close touch, and yet with the peculiar aloofness as the southern whites in slavery days. The Southerner had and still retains an understanding of, and an affection for the negro.

It cannot be denied that the old master had more personal love and sympathy for the slave than the soldier who fought for the freedom of the black race.

It seems almost an anomaly that the epoch in American history from the time of the landing of the Dutch trader in 1620 to the Civil War, the period so fraught with enmity and rancor, should give birth to a certain kind of song that has not only become an expression of our national life, but is so universal in its nature as to be hummed, thrummed, and sung on the high seas, in every port of the world, and in all civilized lands. Indeed Foster's songs are more widely and far better known than our national hymn. Only such a genius as Foster, for whom the spiritual world flung wide its doors, revealing what was universal could take slavery—the most contradictory thing in our national life—separate the deformed from the fair and give to his songs a universal appeal, a mystic charm, that finds the point of kindred emotion in all people although untouched by dogma or creed. The greatest artists, masters of the classic strains, like the divine Patti, sang these songs with such fervor and feeling as to bring tears to the eyes of cold audiences. By an impassible gulf, by something akin to sacredness, they are separated from cabaret minstrelsy, rag time, common Coon and Jim Crow songs.

Foster was interpreting a child race, a folk who loved to run the whole gamut of simple emotions,—a folk who loved the warmth of the sunlight and the southern moonshine. He not only saw the well springs of emotion but also caught the peculiar rhythm, the harmonic interval, the bewitching cadence of the music in which this race expressed its emotions. The negro race has an inevitable sense of time; to this element of music all things are subservient, words are mere pawns to be scuttled about in any way. This brought into negro music the jerk or catch illustrated in "Old Uncle Ned":

Hang-up-de-fiddle-and-de-bow,
Lay-down-de-shobel-and-de-hoe."

This catch found its extreme in the ecstatic shouting of the "Jerusalem Jump," a sort of frenzied religious demonstration that was common on the plantation, and doubtless witnessed by Foster in the church where Olivia took him.

But the perfect artistic sense of Foster did not permit him to use the extreme catch in his music, no more than it permitted extremes in idioms of speech. Just enough of each necessary to reveal the true ethnical element. His American ballads and sentimental songs have a vapory lightness through which the spirit speaks like moonlight. They are marred by no suggestion that is impure and by no sentiment that is unmanly.

Even genius plays on various strings before it finds its keynote. Foster found his real place in art as an interpreter of negro life. But for his genius our national music could in no way be complete. This music immortalizes by its artless art an episode that is irrevocably a part of our national life. His music could not have grown up anywhere else. He saw the wonderful tenderness for the master; the aspiration of the negro to be like his owner, as in "My Nelly Was a Lady." "Swanee River" sings the whole pathos of the slave snatched from his environment. This song while pre-eminently related to slavery expresses the love of all people for the place of nativity. "My Old Kentucky Home" combines the home sentiment with the warm sensuous appeal of nature, the ease, the rest of the body, and the freedom of the heart, while the intense, child-like religion in "Old Black Joe" leads one to believe that Stephen Foster foresaw the doom of slavery and the scattering of the black race. Perhaps he visioned a tenantless "cot among de bushes" and a race's final good night to its "Old Kentucky Home." "The old order changeth giving place to new," but the sun yet shines and the moon glimmers over the old plantation—fit symbol of the immortality of Foster's genius, personality and art.

In emotional simplicity his masterpieces are folk-songs, in eternal essence they are art songs. Nor is this all, for they have in them the essentials of real national art. They externalize, immortalize slavery as truly as the "Dying Gladiator" tells the story of the arena.

The Little Lady of the Transformation

EMMA CURTIS TUCKER

Tenino, Washington

Everybody knows it as it used to be. Everybody has read the novels of John Fox, Jr., and has seen in imagination the rude log cabins, clinging like crows' nests to the steep, densely wooded hillsides. Everyone has been thrilled with the spirit of adventure or of horror at tales of the bloody feuds of the Kentucky mountaineers. And who has not pictured to himself a revenue officer riding down a lonely trail through the wild mountain fastnesses, a shot ringing out upon the startled air, and the lank form of a mountaineer striding hastily away through the tangled undergrowth? Many a tale like that have I heard. I remember walking home from the Moonlight School one night with Uncle Jake, a tall spare man with the easy shambling gait of the born mountaineer, whose lantern cast fantastic shadows upon the path.

"No," he said in response to a question, "I ain't allus lived here, but I was borned on Joneses Fork, at the head o' Dark Holler." Then he went on, in brief laconic sentences, and a dialect which I shall not attempt to reproduce, to tell the story of his life. When he was a lad of about fifteen, his two older brothers had an illicit whiskey still, far up on the mountain side, hidden away from the government officers. For several years they had successfully eluded the taxgatherers, and perhaps they grew careless. However that may be, one day when the boy Jake was helping his brothers, a squad of revenue officers appeared and opened fire. The mountain men sprang for their rifles, but in the lively skirmish which followed, one brother fell mortally wounded. Jake with the other brother fled from the scene.

Then followed weary months of dodging pursuers. The two brothers stayed for the most part upon the mountain tops, depending for food upon the cornfields and small game. Occasionally one or the other paid a cautious visit to some cabin in a secluded valley and had procured ammunition and other supplies. On one of these ventures Jake's brother was captured

and sent to the penitentiary, where, homesick for the free woods and the hills, he pined away and died. Jake, a mere lad, was left alone to wander for two years through the mountain wildernesses, sleeping in caves, hunted from one district to another, friendless, half-starved, a wild thing.

"How did you live?" I asked, in pity and horror.

Uncle Jake set his teeth and hurled out the words, "Like a beast!"

Finally, he too was captured and faced what seemed a living death—this wild thing from the wood was to be caged in the penitentiary. But a clever lawyer won Jake's release on the plea that he was not of age when these criminal offenses were committed and was therefore not responsible. Jake was free, but was forbidden to enter Knott County, his home, forever. For a time he roved, working a little now and then, outside the mountains. Then he settled just over the border from Knott County, married and had a numerous brood of children.

Here Uncle Jake paused, and the rest of his story I pieced together from fragments of conversations and from my own observations.

What a wretched home that was! A little one-roomed cabin, built of logs or rough boards—no windows, no floor except the earth. An open grate provided the means of cooking the pot of beans, potatoes, or corn, their only food. Two or three home-made chairs and some blocks of wood were the only seats, and a pile of ragged quilts served as a bed. Poverty and squalor ruled that pitiful excuse for a home, as they still rule many a dwelling-place in those inaccessible mountains.

The children contracted hookworm and the dreaded disease of the eyes called trachoma, which if unchecked slowly but inevitably leads to total blindness. The twelve-year old twins, Fannie and Annie, had been blind for three years, and little Monie was fast going the same way.

Uncle Jake and his family were not acutely unhappy. They were too much accustomed to misery, too listless and submissive to the fate which always brought them evil and not good. Only there was a pathetic wistfulness in their eyes.

One day a strange vague rumor crept like a rising mist

through the winding valleys, up the dark hollows, to the little scattered cabins. It whispered of a "foreign woman" from Boston, who had come to the mountains for her health. She had built for herself and her mother a little cabin strangely different from the cabins of the mountaineers. Three rooms it had, with floors and windows—two or three windows—and such beautiful rugs and curtains! But, foreigner though she was, no one could distrust her, so frail and delicate a little woman. She was teaching some of the children to read, and giving them clean clothes to wear. She helped the mothers take care of their babies, and truly it was said that she had taken a little blind girl away off somewhere to a doctor and brought her back with her eyes well.

Uncle Jake looked at his children, one after another stumbling about in the dark. He looked at the wretched little hovel where they lived. He looked at his good-natured slatternly wife. One morning he hitched up his old mule to a sled—a mere box on rude board runners—piled in his "household plunder," with such of the babies as could not walk, and set off for Caney Creek. There were twelve or fourteen miles of rough road, over steep hills and through the rocky creek beds. It took the patient labor of hours to cross Beaver Creek, for the water was high, even at the ford, and the stream had to be waded many times before everything was carried over.

At last the little calvalcade drew up before Mrs. Lloyd's little cabin.

"We've cum ter git yer ter he'p us," said Uncle Jake simply, and Mrs. Lloyd thanked her stars and a benevolent friend that she had just finished building a simple little "model homestead," designed for just such a forlorn family. Here she installed Uncle Jake and his brood, and here they have stayed ever since.

Mrs. Lloyd's first act was to get the ban of exile lifted from Uncle Jake. Then the twins and little Monie were taken to the hospital, their eyelids "scraped" and their sight restored. But their eyes will never be strong or their sight really good. Bessie was sent for two years to Cleveland where she lived with a kindhearted family, who sent her to school and taught her much about home-keeping.

Up and down the Creek of Caney spread the glad news of Mrs. Lloyd, and little songs of cheer bubbled out of the hearts of these people so long subdued by misery. One little plain building after another sprouted from the hillside—a small hospital; a good dining room and kitchen, with a real range and a porcelain sink (the first in the county); offices for a little printing press; and a library for the many gifts of books sent in by generous helpers from the outside world.

Half a mile from the Community Center rose a charming rural school, half of the cost being paid by the county. In it is held the model school (very far to be sure from model according to city standards), visited by parents and teachers from all over the county, and used as a demonstration for the normal training class held every spring. It is also the meeting place for a community forum, a place for lively debates and lectures on the topics of the day. Proud indeed are the mountaineers of their school building. Bit by bit the mountain men and women, but most of all the young people, caught glimpses of the vision glorious. Other families besides Uncle Jake's came to live near the Center, or sent their boys and girls to stay with Mrs. Lloyd and learn how to live—how to make Knott County a better place in which to live. It has been up-hill work, but Mrs. Lloyd and her self-sacrificing mother are never more than momentarily discouraged. Too well they know that not in a twinkling can people be made over from untrained, irresponsible, hot-tempered children into wise and sober citizens.

Happily the whiskey habit and gun-toting have gradually been going out of fashion for some time. But even yet there are boys of eighteen and twenty who have indulged in frequent "sprees" almost from babyhood, and the habit is strong upon them.

I remember one lad, a fine-looking sturdy blue-eyed Scot. He had been on a drunken spree every Saturday for years until he came to the Center. Every week the craving came, and the struggle against it. If he had been doing well in his work and stood high in everybody's graces; if there was a gay party to go to, something to distract his mind, the crisis passed. But too often it was a losing fight, and he disappeared for several days. One Saturday afternoon he went away in

direct disobedience to Mrs. Lloyd's wishes, and she told him that she could not keep him—there were so many more worthy boys waiting to take his place. Sadly, even with tears, he acknowledged the justice of her decision, and wrote her a little letter.

"Dear Mrs. Lloyd," it ran, "I didnt go for to do it, just when you was so good to me. I did try, honest I did, but when I walked down the road, I jes kep on awalkin. And then I couldnt cum back. I am sorry. will you please fergive me. Youre the only mother Ive got. Your loving son Jamie."

Mrs. Lloyd's eyes were very tender when she showed me the letter. "He will learn to appreciate the Center more if he stays away for a few months. Then he will come back," she said.

At another time another difficulty arose. Chanler, a mountain man about thirty years old, was business manager for the Center, and was being trained to look after the supplies and other details. Now Chan came from over on Carr, a much more aristocratic creek than Caney. He rather despised the ornery inhabitants of Caney, and sometimes betrayed the fact by some slight sneer, or the turn of a jest. Especially was there a little feeling of superiority toward Uncle Jake. Now Uncle Jake was night watchman, and at ten o'clock went the rounds of the buildings, lantern in hand and revolver in pocket.

One evening Uncle Jake was taking a nap in the barn before starting on his nightly vigil. Some of the boys saw him and thought the time ripe for a practical joke. They tiptoed in and tried to take the revolver. But Uncle Jake was lying in such a way that they could not get it. So they went out, locked the door and began to "rock the barn." (i. e. to throw stones at it). Uncle Jake sprang to his feet and ran to the door, only to find himself a prisoner. Very angrily he pounded on the door and shouted wrathful words, to the delight of the mischief-makers. At last he freed himself and hurried to Chan's room to accuse him of the deed. Very innocent and indignant was that worthy, and fast asleep in bed were those suspected of being his accomplices. Luckily for

them, Uncle Jake did not look for their boots! Sputtering with wrath, the night watchman carried his tale to Mrs. Lloyd's patient sympathy.

That would have been the end of the affair; but when Uncle Jake went down to the barn after breakfast, he found a placard on the door to the effect that "not all the mules were kept inside even by locking the door." To Uncle Jake's angry eyes the handwriting was Chan's. He pulled his revolver out of his pocket and started grimly up the hill. Fortunately, some one was watching, and reported to Mrs. Lloyd. Instantly she sent a messenger to Uncle Jake, bidding him come to her at once. Sullenly he obeyed the summons. There was no more sputtering, but in grim silence he listened to her pleadings. When she saw that no argument could move him, she sent him home with instructions to stay there and think over the matter. Full well did Mrs. Lloyd know that Uncle Jake's wife would keep him at home!

By this time Chan was also roused to fury by Uncle Jake's threats, and was stalking about with a revolver sticking out of his pocket. Mrs. Lloyd, having placed one combatant safely in the custody of his wife, summoned the other to her. He came, fire in his eye and determination in his step.

For three days the Center felt itself on a powder magazine, watching the lighted fuses and wondering when the explosion would come. Then Mrs. Lloyd emerged from her study, looking as though she had herself been at death's door. The victory was won. The fuses were extinguished. Both parties were bound over to keep the peace.

At that time it happened that I was holding a daily class in English literature in the library. We were trying to fill the minds of these backward young people with the noble thoughts of great masters, but their own reading was so slow and labored it was useless to assign them lessons. Instead, I selected a book, talked a little about it, read snatches, and told them the story as vividly as possible. The lesson for this day was "Pilgrim's Progress." I told them of Christian living in the City of Destruction; how he carried the burden of his sins upon his back; how he found his way to the Wicket Gate; how his burden rolled away at the foot of the Cross.

I noticed that Uncle Jake forgot to paste labels, and drank in the story as eagerly as did the children in the class. After the class was dismissed we were alone together. Presently he began, in a low hesitating voice, broken by little pauses. "That thar story you wuz atellin'—it sorter seemed ter fit me. I don' want yer ter go away thinkin' I'm that sort uv a man. I aint. I don' want ter do no hurt ter the Center, nor ter Mis' Lloyd. Why," the words came eagerly, pleadingly, "I would n' hurt Mis' Lloyd—not fer nothin', I would n't. Aint she done ever'thing fer me? An' I've giv' her my chil'en, she knows what's best fer 'em. But yer see," he continued, his voice low and quivering with emotion, "they'd oughter not ter prevoke me so. When a cup is jest as full as it'll hold, jest a drop'll run it over. My cup was too full." Uncle Jake's head was bowed.

"I know, Uncle Jake," I said gently. "I know you're not that sort of a man. I'll not forget."

One bright Sunday morning everybody was eagerly asking everybody else, "Are you going to church this morning?" By nine o'clock, looking down from our nest on the hillside, we could see groups of people going down the road by the creek. At the Center there were grand scrubbings, and scramblings for clean linen and Sunday hats. By twos and threes we joined the leisurely churchgoers. Many were on foot, but more were on horseback, or muleback. Sometimes a single animal bore a family group—father in the saddle with small son in front; mother sitting sidewise behind the saddle, baby in her arms. Nearly every woman and girl wore a gay hat, purchased from Sears, Roebuck & Co., but the effect was rather spoiled by an elaborate though frayed georgette blouse worn with a faded wool skirt.

Church was held that morning on a lovely hillside, in a cemetery. It was a "funeral meeting," that is, held on the anniversary of the death of a member of the community. The motley congregation numbered a hundred and fifty or more, gathered from many miles around. There were four preachers, men who preached when "called by the spirit." They spoke in an ecstasy, shouting and sobbing by turns. They were illiterate men, except our own Preacher Billy, who could read

very well, and they had no intelligible message. Yet it was strangely impressive to watch the awed people, to join in the quaint singing, and to realize the significance of this people worshipping as our fathers worshipped two or three hundred years ago. But what a difference! How little of the vitality, the stern morals, the intelligent faith! A strange back-eddy, swirling among the wooded hills, unknown and unremembered by the great river of progress.

We left before the close of the meeting in order to hurry to the pretty model schoolhouse the other side of the Center. There were gathered an orderly group of fifty or sixty young people, with a sprinkling of older ones, listening to a debate on the League of Nations. The speakers were the local representatives to the State legislature, the manager of the Center, a young man just graduated from Harvard (the first youth in the county to receive a college degree), and one of the young women teachers at the Center. The audience, gathered from Caney Creek and from two other Community Centers, daughters of Caney, listened attentively to the arguments, and showed by their discriminating approval that they were well versed in the subject under discussion.

When the question under debate was disposed of, a troop of Camp Fire Girls in their picturesque costumes gave a little drill which was warmly applauded. The singing of a patriotic song closed the meeting, which would have been fairly representative of any intelligent rural community anywhere in our land. What a contrast to the uncouth proceedings in the graveyard on the hillside!

The post office at the Caney Creek Center is called "Pippa-pass." The slender piping song of the Community Center six years ago seemed as pitifully ineffective as the song of the little Italian maiden, but voice after voice caught the wistful melody, until now the chorus of Knott County is strong and sweet, in spite of many a discordant note or harsh voice.

Better homes are rising, better crops are growing, schools are better equipped and taught, children are growing into sturdier men and women of finer character. Knott County is leveling up to the civilization of the rest of the country. It is becoming a *Better Place in Which to Live*.

All honor to the Little Lady of the Transformation!

The Election of 1876 in South Carolina

(CONCLUDED)

FRANCIS B. SIMKINS
Columbia University

The Democratic plan of campaign moved on two lines of strategy. The first was Hampton's regular campaign of ovations and oratory which played upon the sympathy of the North, aroused white sentiment, and converted a few negroes. This was supplemented by a real campaign of force, concealed by the Hampton pageant, which was the effective means through which government was wrested from the negro majority.

Hampton's tour opened in Anderson on September 2, and closed in Columbia November 4, a meeting having been held in every county of the state. The enthusiasm with which the Democratic leader was received finds no parallel in the history of the state. The parade through Greenville is said to have been composed of a torch-light procession of five thousand;⁴¹ six thousand greeted him at Anderson. General Gordon of Georgia and the Hampton party were escorted through Spartanburg by a vast concourse of red-shirted horsemen with torches. The details of the reception at Kingstree are typical of the entire process around the state. The railroad station was covered with floral offerings as a tribute to the beloved chieftain, while an arch of evergreen spanned the main entrance. Hampton and his staff marched to a private residence, designated as headquarters, over whose portals was inscribed: "Welcome to our Hearts and Home." Eight hundred horsemen in bloody shirts, part of whom were negroes bearing banners on which were painted figures of Carpet-Baggers kicking black men, marched. At their head was a battery of artillery. Hampton's words of stigma against the Carpet-Baggers received the hearty applause of venerable black men of the old school: a mere word or gesture from the orator was the signal for deafening applause (which was more the feature of the meetings than the words of the speaker).

⁴¹ *N. and C.*, September 4, 8, 9; October 5.

The substance of Hampton's utterances was largely composed of glowing promises to the negro. He declared that, if elected governor of South Carolina, he would "render to the whole people of this state equal and impartial justice." And that the meaning might not be misunderstood he said: "If there is a white man in this assembly who, because he is a Democrat or because he is a white man, believes that when I am elected, if I should be, I will stand between him and the law, or grant to him any privileges or immunities that shall not be granted to the colored man, he is mistaken and I tell him, if that is his reason for voting for me, let him not vote at all."⁴² Without doubt the favor with which Hampton's promises were received by the northern press indicated that they had the desired effect on northern opinion. Yet the negroes, callous to abuses within their own party, fearful of a return to slavery, were not voluntarily converted by glowing words. The race was still "as silent as a tomb stone," when the "subject of politics with which old massa' had nothing to do" was broached.

Back of the conservative speeches of Hampton, the moderate editorials of Dawson, and the liberal words of the Democratic platform was the determination of the advocates of the Straight-Out policy, now representative of the entire white sentiment, to drive the Republicans from power by the prudent use of force. For this purpose military clubs, which had as early as 1867 been recognized officially as harmless social clubs, were by the summer of 1876 multiplied and expanded into formidable military organizations which in reality performed, in their way, more of the functions of government than the government in Columbia. The ostensible purpose of their existence was to protect the whites against negro depredations; their real purpose was, by aggressive action, to strike terror into the hearts of the black majority, not prone in the opinion of Conner, Butler and Hampton to be aggressive on its own initiative.⁴³ Babbitt, Chamberlain's private secretary, enumerated with places of organization and names of officers

⁴² *N. and C.*, September 21; Leland, *A Voice from South Carolina*, p. 40. Evidence on this point is the comparative scarcity of negroes later awarded with the Democratic ballot for services in 1876.

⁴³ H. R. Redfield, Correspondent of *Cincinnati Commercial* in *N. and C.*, September 19.

287 of these organizations. In five counties and many communities no data were obtainable on their organization, owing to the risk in securing information. Multiplying 287 by 50 (the average number in each company) we have 14,350 men duly enrolled. We are safe in assuming that the number actually under arms included a majority of the white male population able to ride.⁴⁴ In Edgefield County were thirty-five of these companies; in Aiken twenty-nine; in Colleton a regular regimental organization was maintained. These organizations were armed, drilled, and officered in the manner of regular troops.⁴⁵ Their activity consisted of, first, breaking up or disturbing Republican meetings; second, offensive and defensive activity against negroes accused of crime; third, dexterous action at the polls on election day; and fourth, along with the activity of the lawless negro element in lower South Carolina, to make Chamberlain's efforts to be governor a *de facto* farce, for except for the spots occupied by federal troops the governor was, from the summer of 1876 until his abdication, hardly more than "governor of the state house." The first three of these enumerated lines of activity on the part of the rifle clubs demands detailed treatment.

On August 12, three days before the Democratic convention, the practice of forceably disturbing Republican meetings was first resorted to in Edgefield by six hundred mounted and fully armed white men under the leadership of Generals Butler and Gary. Governor Chamberlain, Judge Mackey and Robert Small, member of Congress,—the three scheduled speakers—were forced to listen to the two generals, backed by the drawn pistols of their retainers, roundly denounce the governor. The governor's speech was interrupted by jeers. Butler replied with bitter words in which he demanded that the charges of the governor concerning his part in the Hamburg Riot be proven. The third speaker, Mackey, fearful of the personal safety of the Republican leaders, was exceedingly mild in his words. While he spoke the improvised stand collapsed. The last speaker, Gary, accused Chamberlain of fraud and personal dishonor. He at a later meeting declared that the Democrats "would carry the county peaceably, but carry it they

⁴⁴ H. R. No. 175, Part 2, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., pp. 34, 38-39.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 34 *et seq.*; Allen, Chap. XXII.

would." Chamberlain left the village of Edgefield hastily, never to return.⁴⁶ The conduct of the Democrats at Edgefield was repeated at Newberry, August 18, with telling effect. The Edgefield and Newberry tactics were repeated at the personal expense of the governor at Midway and Lancaster and at almost every meeting at which Chamberlain or other prominent Republican speakers made their appearance.⁴⁷

The effect of this practice of dividing time is obvious. The Republican orators and audiences were frightened into a timid campaign of defense. The governor, himself so able in debate, became thoroughly frightened by the "rebel yell," the open display of revolvers, and the vituperative language of his opponents. The timid leaders became so discomforted that the *Union Herald*, Chamberlain's organ, declared: "Public meetings are not necessary to arouse the Republicans or inform them."⁴⁸ Only in the very black counties of the lower portions of the state did the negroes attempt to interrupt Democratic meetings. There were no cases of formal demand on their part for a division of time. Strange to say, at only one meeting at which the speakers of the two parties divided time was there bloodshed. At Cainhoy, Charleston County, October 16, six white men and one negro were killed. Some white youths had attempted to seize a supply of rifles, hidden by the negroes in an adjoining thicket. For once the negroes got the best of the scramble: the whites were put to flight.⁴⁹

The activity of the whites, inadequately organized, in striking terror in the hearts of negroes alleged to have been guilty of lawlessness at Hamburg, has already been narrated. When opportunity again came for the use of a relentless force on the news of the attempt of negroes to commit crime, the already learned lesson of organization was put into effect. On December 15, at Ellenton, Aiken County, two negroes, having for purpose of robbery entered a house of a white resident, were driven away by the wife. When this outrage became known a posse of white men went in pursuit of the negroes, one of

⁴⁶ *N. and C.*, September 14; H. R. Mis. Doc. No. 31, Part 1, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess. pp. 35, *et seq.*, and pp. 8 *et seq.*; also testimony of Democratic witnesses.

⁴⁷ Allen, p. 378, *et seq.*

⁴⁸ Quoted by Reynolds, p. 374.

⁴⁹ Wells, 134; H. R. Mis. Doc. No. 31, 44th Cong. 2nd, Sess., pp. 160-260.

the latter being severely wounded. The next day a stronger posse, under the warrant of a negro constable, proceeded to the arrest of the other negro stationed at Rouse's Bridge with several armed colleagues. The attackers met with resistance. This was followed by petty acts of aggression on the part of the negroes and the assembling of the rifle clubs of the vicinity in force under the command of Colonel A. P. Butler and General Johnson Hagood. Skirmish action continued between the races. On the afternoon of September 18, the negroes were surrounded in a swamp. General massacre was prevented only by the timely arrival of United States troops who persuaded both parties to return to their homes. In the general disorder two whites and twenty-five negroes were killed, many of the latter having been killed in hiding.⁵⁰

However, in the low country the black man had his day of violence, as has already been illustrated by the Cainhoys trouble and the rice fields riots. This form of violence reached its climax in the Charleston Riot of September 6. On the evening of that day an unruly party of blacks threatened violence to the persons of two black Democratic speakers. This led to the escorting of the threatened two through King Street protected by a hollow square of whites. At the Lutheran Church, on upper King Street, the mob in pursuit made an unjustified attack, which resulted in the wounding of several persons of both races and the consequent death of one white man. The whites with their charges were forced to take refuge in the nearby police station. At midnight the rifle clubs were out. For several days black terror reigned in the city, it being dangerous for a white man to appear on the streets. Order was at last restored by the intervention of the Republican authorities. In the words of Chamberlain: "It [the Charleston Riot] had fastened a bloody spot on the party that did it."⁵¹

After a report from the two United States marshals sent to the already mentioned scenes of disturbance in Aiken County, the governor, October 7, after having refused the rifle clubs' proffer of assistance in restoring peace, issued the long expected

⁵⁰ Chamberlain and Corbin's account: Allen, pp. 385, 392.

⁵¹ Sou. Hist. Papers, vol. XII, pp. 550-558; Allen, 351; Wells, p. 128; H. R. Mis. Doc. No. 31, Part 2, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., p. 7.

proclamation demanding all members of the rifle clubs to disperse peaceably to their homes within three days. In case this order was disobeyed, he threatened to put in use all powers he possessed as governor, i. e. call for Federal Troops. The next move was an address on the part of both the Democrats and Chamberlain "to the people of the nation," both sides always being more zealous for northern support than that of South Carolina. These documents contradict each other as to whether or not there was "domestic violence." The Democrats cited the testimony of judges, together with that of the sheriffs of Aiken and Barnwell Counties purporting to prove that the ordinary processes of justice were not sufficient to keep order; Chamberlain pledged himself "to prove a condition of affairs . . . more disgraceful than that made in any statement" heretofore issued.⁵²

The sequel was the appeal of the governor directly to the President "for the suppressing of violence in the state." By a proclamation of October 17, Grant ordered the rifle clubs to disperse within three days. His next step was to order the dispatch of all available troops in the Military District of the Atlantic to Columbia as a reinforcement to the eight companies already in South Carolina.⁵³ General Ruger, the Federal commander at Columbia, divided the troops sent to him, which on election day amounted to 1,526 officers and enlisted men, into sixty-seven different units which were distributed throughout the state.⁵⁴ In addition to the troops the governor had in his service a large number of United States deputy marshals, appointed in proportion of one Democrat to two Republicans.

While undoubtedly political considerations went into the employ of troops on the part of Chamberlain and Grant, and but for the troops the Democratic majority would have been larger, ample warrant in fact and law existed for their use. The *fact* of domestic violence on the part of both races is attested by the already narrated events, coupled with the testimony of United States army officers who were eye witnesses

⁵² *N. and C.*, October 8, 10.

⁵³ *N. and C.*, August 27 and October 18.

⁵⁴ H. R. No. 175, Part I, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., p. 24; Reynolds, p. 387, estimate of 5,000 is at variance with the report of the Adjutant General.

to disorders. The law gave the President ample authority to use force within the Union. Section 4 of Article IV of the Constitution of the United States is the general warrant. A specific federal statute gave the President the right to keep peace at the polls. A special South Carolina statute said "that there should be no military organization * * * not authorized" by the governor.

All evidence indicates that the benefits derived from the reinforced military occupation of South Carolina more than offset the evil effect expressed in the justified alarm of those fearful for civil liberty. According to General Conner and Senator Tillman the troops did not in any instance interfere with the voters.⁵⁵ The Democratic members of the National House of Representatives investigating conditions in South Carolina said that the bearing "of the troops was prudent and wise."⁵⁶ The soldiers, in fact, resolutely refused to interfere when either side by force prevented others from voting. After the dispatch of troops there was only one serious riot in the state. The whites realizing the folly of a clash with the Federal Government, followed the prudent advice of Hampton contained in a telegram to the people of Aiken, urging "our people to submit to martial law."

Perhaps more effective than the sensational activities of the rifle clubs in cowering the black majority were the silent economic weapons in the hands of property owners. Example of this kind of pressure is brought to light in a *News and Courier* editorial of October 14, urging all whites to show preference to "Hampton labor." A capitalist of \$75,000 gave notice that money on liens would be let only to Democratic negroes; merchants were cited who refused to give credit to Chamberlain negroes; a Greenville planter promised three dollars more in wages in case Hampton was elected.⁵⁷ The *Abbeville Medium* said: "Give support [economic] only to those who go to the polls and vote for good government." Many Democratic clubs adopted resolutions of preference, and in Columbia an intelligence board for dispensing economic—discriminative information was created.⁵⁸

⁵⁵ H. R. Mis. Doc., No. 31, Part 2, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., p. 54; Tillman, p. 13.

⁵⁶ H. R. No. 175, Part 1, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., p. 12.

⁵⁷ *N. and C.*, October 14.

⁵⁸ H. R. No. 175, Part 1, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., pp. 38, 39, 41 ff.

In retaliation there were some attempts by the timid race also to win through violent methods. The *News and Courier* cites thirty-three specific instances—with dates, places and names—of Republican *threats* of violence in dealing with so-called colored Democrats. A colored delegate to a Democratic convention was chased by his fellows; a black speaker at a white meeting was threatened with death; in twenty-five other cases apostates were penalized by wife desertion, expulsion from church, personal attacks and threats of death.⁵⁹ To the foregoing should be added the conduct of the blacks in the Charleston Riot. Yet unquestionably, if all has been told, the Republican attempts at intimidation were far less effective than those of the whites.

Intense excitement and remarkable good order prevailed in the state on the memorable day of election, November 7, 1876. The slowly arriving county returns gave the Democratic candidates for governor the slight majority of 1,323, Robbins Box, Barnwell County, having rightly been thrown out. There the voting place had been fired upon, and the box had been removed to an abandoned schoolhouse from which the voting proceeded so rapidly that a total of four times as many votes were cast for the Republican candidates as two years before.⁶⁰

Although the actual counting of the ballots was fair, through the wise appointment by the governor of minority managers of election at every voting place, the election was little more than a ratification of the seizure of power by the rifle clubs in the previous months. This was partly counteracted by the reflection of a Republican domination in the large negro vote in the lower counties of the state. The troops were indifferent in the face of disorders, and black and white deputy marshals, appointed in proportion of two Republicans to one Democrat, were violently partisan in their activities.

In Charleston, the county of the largest vote, the efforts of rifle companies and such persons as the heroic Wells, who marched his blacks in phalanx form to the polls, did not counteract the exceptional zeal of the troops in protecting the

⁵⁹ *N. and C.*, September 30 ff; also H. R. No. 175, Part 1, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., pp. 399, *et seq.*

⁶⁰ *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 39, p. 187.

negroes' rights and the zeal with which the negroes repeated and their deputy marshals kept Democrats from the polls.⁶¹ In that county Chamberlain received 15,032 to 8,809 for Hampton, an increase by 7,000 for Chamberlain over his vote of two years previous. Yet the total vote fell 1,000 short of the census figures, and the vote for Hampton exceeded the census estimate of white population.⁶² What was true of Charleston is true of most of the lower counties of the state.

In Edgefield and Laurens, the counties of later contest, the face of the returns revealed Democratic fraud. In Edgefield the tissue ballot was resorted to; large bands of armed South Carolinians and Georgians, before whom the election officials were helpless, rushed from poll to poll repeating; in some instances the ballot boxes were carried away by violent means. At Edgefield Court House an armed patrol prevented negroes, massed the entire day at the polls, from voting. In the evening the terror-stricken county board of canvassers was forced to sign the returns. The result was a Hampton majority of 3,134 in a county in which the census of 1880 gave the blacks 65 per cent of the population. The aggregate Democratic and Republican vote was 9,330 more than the vote of 1874 and 2,252 in excess of the over-estimated census of 1870. In Laurens the Democratic majority was 1,112 against a Republican majority of 1,077 in 1874. The white vote was 657 in excess of the white voting population in 1870. The returns were forwarded to Columbia signed by two members of the county board of canvassers; the Republican signer later asserted that he had been forced to do so.⁶³

The total returns, revised, gave Hampton a majority of 1,134; and, what was more important, the returns gave the Democrats a bare majority in the joint session of the legislature, which body was authorized by law to canvass the vote for governor and lieutenant governor. Of course it was understood, so violent was the partisan feeling of the day, that the party that controlled the legislative majority would "count in" its candidates. But the Board of State Canvassers, composed

⁶¹ Wells, pp. 143-144; *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 39, p. 188, for Republican testimony.

⁶² H. R. Mis. Doc. No. 31, Part 1, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., pp. 186-288.

⁶³ Chamberlain's testimony in Allen, p. 462; H. R. No. 175, Part 1, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., p. 62-63.

as it was of the partisan Republican state officials, did not simply "proceed to make a statement of the whole number of votes returned from the several counties," but acting under authority of an act of March 1, 1870, summarily exercised its power of deciding cases in contest by preparing to throw out the votes of Edgefield and Laurens Counties. Thus the way was opened for the organization of a legislative assembly with a Republican majority and the declaration of the election of Chamberlain by this body.⁶⁴

But the Democrats were not to be outwitted. Immediately Democratic counsel applied to the Supreme Court for a writ demanding the board of state canvassers to perform only the clerical function of signing the returns as forwarded by the counties, without hearing protests. In the persons of Chief Justice F. J. Moses and Justice Williard, both of whom were personal enemies of Chamberlain, the Democrats found ready tools. Pending final judgment the court through Moses, on November 17, issued an order demanding that the "Board of State Canvassers forthwith proceed to count and compel returns, and make a report of the result to the Court and certify their action in the presence of the Court."⁶⁵ On November 21, Attorney General Corbin, on behalf of the Board, after having vainly attempted to get the court to pass upon the question of law before determining the question of fact, and asserting that the court, by law, had no right to compel the report, presented its findings. He asserted that errors and frauds had been committed in Edgefield, Laurens and Barnwell Counties. The face of the returns, he admitted, excluding Robbins precinct only, revealed a Democratic triumph in the returns for state officers. Yet the Democratic triumph was jeopardized by the returns in the presidential election, which gave the Republican presidential electors the majority.⁶⁶

Acting possibly under national Democratic pressure, the Democrats asked the court to sanction a plan through which the returns should be recanvassed, excepting those of the legis-

⁶⁴ The New York *Tribune's* account is published in Allen, pp. 430-31.

⁶⁵ Allen, p. 430; H. R. Mis. Doc. No. 31, Part 1, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., p. 78.

⁶⁶ H. R. Mis. Doc. No. 31, Part 1, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., pp. 91-114; Allen, pp. 431-433. Haworth, *The Hayes-Tilden Disputed Presidential Election*, p. 151, *et seq.*, discusses the South Carolina returns of this year in relation to the national election.

lative candidates. The obvious purpose was to secure the election of Democratic presidential electors. The court, probably waiting until the statutory limitation of the Board of Canvassers' time should come about, delayed action.

At 10 A. M. of November 22, two hours before its sittings would by statute become illegal, the Board, not yet having received the order of the court just issued embodying the demands of the Democrats that the election returns be not revised, certified the election of all Republican electors and state officers, excepting of course the governor and lieutenant governor, the election of Republicans to which office it aimed to assure by throwing out the legislative delegations of Edgefield and Laurens Counties. At 1 p. m., the board adjourned *sine die*. The Supreme Court, outraged at this action, committed its entire personnel to the Richland County jail, there to await the pleasure of the court. On November 29, Federal Judge Bond, assuming jurisdiction on the ground that a state court had no authority over federal elections, ordered the release of the prisoners.⁶⁷

With both sides claiming victory, November 28, the constitutional day for the assembling of the legislature, arrived. Chamberlain and his supporters were backed by the federal garrison; Hampton, keeping always in view the necessity of maintaining the good will of Washington and the North, was taxed to the capacity of his controlling powers in keeping the rifle clubs, then assembled in force in Columbia from every section of the state, from bringing affairs to a decision by an armed attack on the state house. He and his far-seeing advisors knew that violent action against Chamberlain would spell momentary success, but final failure.

On the day of the opening of the legislature the Republican sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives, reinforced by a state house garrison furnished by the federal officer in command at Columbia, and under hint of expected violence from the rifle clubs, was instructed to prevent the admission to the floor of the House of the uncertified members from Edgefield and Laurens. On the refusal of admittance to these eight representatives the entire Democratic body

⁶⁷ Sou. Hist. Papers. vol. XIII, p. 64; N. and C., November 27.

retired to Carolina Hall. This body, composed of fifty-seven legislators holding certificates from the secretary of state and the eight from Edgefield and Laurens, immediately declared itself the legal quorum of the House. General William H. Wallace, of Union, was elected speaker. The right of those remaining in possession of the hall of the House of Representatives to act as a legal house was denied on the ground that their number, fifty-nine, did not constitute a majority of the one hundred and twenty-four members authorized by the state constitution.⁶⁸ Meanwhile the Republicans proceeded to organize themselves into what they claimed to be the legal House by the election of E. W. M. Mackey as speaker.

At eleven thirty of the following morning a dramatic incident happened. The Democratic members, during a recess of the Mackey House, overpowered the doorkeeper, who had again refused admission to the Edgefield and Laurens members. Wallace mounted to the speaker's desk and Stone to the clerk's, and with their backers they proceeded to business as the regular House. At twelve of the same day, Mackey and Jones, his clerk, demanded the possession of the chairs which they had previously occupied. On the refusal of this demand, they took improvised seats to the left of the speaker's stand, while the body of Republican membership occupied the seats to the left of the House. The Democrats withdrew to the right of the wide isle.⁶⁹ For four days the confusion of double resolutions and simultaneous speeches reigned. The white gentlemen seemed to have suffered olfactory tortures from the stifling "native perfume" that rose from the "unwashed wards of the nation."⁷⁰ The whites had the advantage in food and drink, the use of which as bribes, along with jollity, seems to have been effective in drawing black orators to their side of the isles. This extraordinary state of affairs was brought to an end by Wallace's reception of a private notification that force would be used to eject the Edgefield and Laurens members. Wallace then withdrew to his previous place of sitting.⁷¹ Meanwhile proceedings in the Senate had not been so dramatic,

⁶⁸ H. R. R. No. 175, Part 2, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., pp. 100-104.

⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 126-29, 138-40 gives official journal of both houses.

⁷⁰ Leland, p. 169.

⁷¹ Wells, pp. 162-164.

although a schism was almost effected through the majority's refusal to seat Gary and Todd, applicants for the seats of Edgefield and Laurens. The Republicans carried their contention by a vote of seventeen to eleven, which gave them a clear constitutional quorum regardless of what the Democrats with the addition of Gary and Todd might do.⁷²

The Mackey House, freed of the presence of Wallace and the majority of the certified membership, immediately proceeded in joint session with the Senate to declare the election to its liking. By throwing out the votes of Edgefield and Laurens Chamberlain was adjudged governor by vote of 86,620 to 82,521 for Hampton. On December 7, Chamberlain went through the ceremony of inauguration.

The Wallace House, now composed of a quorum of sixty-seven members holding certificates of election and the democratic minority of the Senate, proceeded to declare the election to their liking in spite of the court's refusal to issue a mandamus compelling Mackey to hand over the official returns. To the tabulation already approved by the Mackey House was added the votes of Edgefield and Laurens, which gave Hampton 92,261 to 91,127 for Chamberlain. On December 14, 1876, seven days after the reputed inauguration of Chamberlain, Hampton with due ceremony was inaugurated as governor.

Meanwhile the situation at Washington was growing more favorable to Hampton. President Grant said that if Chamberlain could not collect taxes to maintain his government he could not be maintained by the army.⁷³ Robertson, Republican Senator from South Carolina, championed Gordon's resolution to recognize the Hampton régime. The *National Republican*, the organ of the extreme Republicans, spoke late in February of "burying the hatchet and letting the South alone."⁷⁴

Moreover, the action of the Richland County Court on the attempt made by Chamberlain to test the legality of his hold on the state house by issuing a pardon, did not result in a final decision. The court, when the case was brought before it, declared that neither Chamberlain nor Hampton was the

⁷² Journal of Senate, November 29, 1876.

⁷³ Wells, p. 183.

⁷⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 184.

legal governor, as each had been declared elected by a quorum of one house of the legislature only. Chamberlain was declared to be governor *ad interim* pending the legal election of a successor. Of course this or any other adverse decision could have little effect on Hampton's *de facto* claim.⁷⁵

Hampton, not satisfied with the action of the court on the Chamberlain pardon, immediately took steps to test his right as governor by issuing a pardon to Tilda Norris, a penitentiary convict. The sheriff of Richland County refused to execute this order and applied to the Supreme Court for instructions. The possibility of a definitive decision was hopelessly jeopardized by the sudden fatal illness of Chief Justice Moses, making possible a deadlock between Justices Wright and Williard. Williard signed an order for the release of the prisoner; Wright, a colored recipient of a salary from the Hampton government and the victim of threats and promises from members of his own race, after much hesitation, finally signed, only to retract his signature later. The force of circumstances brought about the release of the prisoner.⁷⁶

The real strength of the Hampton régime did not depend on favorable judicial decisions: its fate was favorably decided by its ability to collect taxes. Early in the session of the Wallace House J. C. Sheppard, a member of the contested Edgefield delegation, introduced a resolution authorizing Hampton to levy a tax of twenty-five per cent of that levied in the previous year by the legislature. Hampton put this authorization into effect by a plea for a voluntary levy of ten per cent. From the leading taxpayers of Charleston, assembled December 22, in Hibernian Hall, the response was immediate. Other communities followed suit. By the end of March Hampton had collected \$120,000, while Chamberlain had been enjoined by the court from using public funds on deposit in the banks.⁷⁷

Events now shaped themselves at Washington to bring about the removal of the troops, and thus force the tenacious shadow government to abdicate the state house. The country was tired of its eleven years of after-the-war sectional, racial

⁷⁵ Sou. Hist. Papers, vol. XIII, p. 72.

⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 73; Wells, pp. 182-83.

⁷⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 71; H. R. No. 175, Part 2, 44th Cong., 2nd Sess., pp. 163-67.

and party strife. The Hayes-Tilden presidential dispute, of that year, had almost caused civil war. So why not paliate the Democrats by conceding victory to them in Louisiana and South Carolina, now that the Republican candidate had by partisan vote been declared president-elect? While there is no direct evidence to support the suspicion of a precise agreement between the Democrats and Republicans as to the settlement of the South Carolina difficulty, yet the dispatch of a letter by Stanley Matthews, a close friend of Hayes, March 4, to Chamberlain indicating that the new president would shortly withdraw the troops stationed by Grant in South Carolina, was a master stroke of policy and did much to placate Democrat extremists in the time of the culmination of the bitterest presidential contest in the history of the nation.⁷⁸ Nineteen days after Hayes' inauguration identical letters were dispatched to the two South Carolina claimants for the governorship asking that they meet the president in conference at Washington. Both Chamberlain and Hampton accepted the invitation, the latter with the public understanding that he went to plead only for the withdrawal of troops and not to receive presidential recognition. Along his entire route from Columbia to Washington, he was greeted by thousands in sympathy with the "redemption movement." Chamberlain, unnoticed and fated, proceeded to meet the president with little hope that his fight for the retention of the troops would be successful. After going through the courteous formality of hearing both claimants, the President gave leave for both to return to their state. Shortly afterwards an official notice was made public indicating that the troops would be withdrawn.⁷⁹

On April 3 came the order for the withdrawal of the troops to take effect April 10. Chamberlain, the uncompromising champion of the principles of universal democracy triumphant at Appomattox, bowing to the inevitable, made an address to Republicans of the state in which, under circumstances akin to those of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, recognized the defeat of his highest hopes and the return to power of South

⁷⁸ Reynolds, p. 451; *N. and C.*, March 6, 1877.

⁷⁹ *N. and C.*, March 25, 1877.

Carolina wealth and intelligence, which the sword of Grant, the political strategy of Sumner and the zeal of the Carpet-Bagger could only temporarily restrain.⁸⁰

On schedule time the garrison of the state house filed out; twenty-four hours later Chamberlain's secretary peaceably handed over the executive offices to the agent of Hampton. Chamberlain returned to his native state of Massachusetts. Later he was placated for his loss in South Carolina by a political job in Washington. Like Age regretting the debauch of Youth, he lived to express regret for his dramatic and abortive adventure in South Carolina through the columns of the *Atlantic Monthly*.⁸¹

The abdication of Chamberlain was followed by the organization of the entire executive and judicial administration on a Democratic basis, and gradual reduction of Republican representation in the general assembly to zero, first by methods like that of 1876 and later by law. The return to power of Bourbon 'South Carolina—later replaced by the economic and political ascendancy of the non-slave holding whites and the rural land owners—has had its benefits. The reign of incompetent and dishonest public officials has been replaced by the rule of those bent on exceptional economy in order that they may enjoy the confidence of a constituency dominated by property. No government, in the opinion of Basil Thompson, has been conducted with less dishonesty than that of South Carolina since 1876. Many of the reforms of the radical government, notably those in education and those leading towards democratic elections, have been given reality. No successful attempts have been made to hinder the rapid economic rise of the negro to an economic position superior to that occupied by him in the palmiest days of black political rule.

To the foregoing benefits of exclusive white rule should be added the facts supporting the assertion that South Carolina's political and social backwardness results partly from conditions that Hampton's election made possible. As a re-

⁸⁰ The additional representation given South Carolina through the counting of the former slaves as full citizens instead of two-thirds citizens gave the whites of that State a larger proportional representation than they had before The War of 1860.

⁸¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 87, pp. 473-84.

action from the extravagance of reconstruction days expenditures have been reduced to such a low level that constructive legislation, except under the governorship of Tillman, has been until very recently unknown in South Carolina. Public education has been inadequately provided for. Political success has too often been won by those capable of appealing to the fears and traditions of the past.

Raleigh's Narrative of Guiana

EDGAR LEGARE PENNINGTON

Homer, New York

*"But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado."—Poe.*

Of all the gallant men who in an age famous for daring and adventure sought to test the wonders of the New World, not one enlists human interest to the same extent as Sir Walter Raleigh. Men recognize in his career the most dramatic example of the instability of place, the fickleness of fortune, and the wisdom of Wolsey's advice to Cromwell. His was a personality so fascinating that he could tower topmost in a court proverbially resplendent. He was the child of wealth, the scholar, gentleman, and poet. A Queen who held a nation at her finger's tip made him her special choice and showered favours upon him. Grants, bequests, and preferment seemed to rush his way as along the path of least resistance. And that this scion of greatness should suffer such reverses and bow his head to a fate so unmerited must arouse the world's sympathy.

When Raleigh first loomed on the stage of events, England was just arriving at a vision of her future maritime supremacy. Spain was at the high-water mark of her power. She had quickly recognized the possibilities afforded by the vast territory which lay toward the setting sun; and her strength on the seas combined with her avarice to furnish the power and incentive for proceeding with a campaign of acquisition. It was not until the last half of the sixteenth century, when men like Hawkins and Frobisher turned their attention to the slave-traffic and Drake circumnavigated the globe, that real naval enthusiasm was kindled in Great Britain. These men, however, had captured Spanish booty, destroyed Spanish settlements, and confirmed the suspicion that Philip's empire had

its points of weakness. Raleigh had accompanied his half-brother on an expedition as early as 1579; so, at a time when all eyes were turned westward, he was not the man to remain in the background.

At that time one of the most renowned places was El Dorado, the capital of Guiana. Spanish explorers had brought back startling reports of the incomparable riches of that city, which "far exceedeth any of the world." At the imperial carousals there, the natives were said to blow powdered gold upon their naked bodies till they shone from head to foot. Guiana was believed to have more gold and silver than Peru, where Pizarro had obtained all the treasure of the Incas. Of the king it was told that "there was nothing in his country whereof he had not the counterfeit in gold." Surely it was not fitting that the Queen should have no finger in a pie which the Latin races were so rapidly devouring. Hence Raleigh planned an expedition as soon as he could find the opportunity.

Until the years bring disillusionment and chagrin, we cannot comprehend the tragedy in Poe's verses. A clearer analysis of Raleigh cannot be found. Like the gallant knight, who rode along singing at the outset, Raleigh was literally doomed to find his El Dorado "down the valley of the shadow." He made two trips with Guiana in view, one in 1595, the other more than twenty years later; he never reached his goal. He has left us accounts, however, which reveal the writer and illustrate the reaction of environment on a sensitive soul.

The narrative of the first journey is full of vigour and life. The youthful buoyancy is harmonized with the mature attitude of the chronicler, yet the story is never allowed to drag. Each incident calculated to excite the curiosity of the people back at home is jotted down. Quotations and historical matter are introduced, as if Raleigh were sensible of an obligation to incorporate as much as possible and bequeath it to posterity. In some cases, we feel that Raleigh has told us too much; we do not wish to regard him as a gentleman-pirate. But, lest in the jarring of our ethical sensibilities we be tempted to lose our admiration for the man, we must remember the different standard of his day. Taken as a whole, Raleigh's conduct

furnishes an emphatic contrast to the brutality too often characteristic of the men against whom he was pitted. The Spaniards were not in the habit of showing much mercy toward their captives; but Raleigh is never guilty of treachery or baseness.

His first important landing was at Trinidad. The Spaniards there seemed peacefully disposed and willing to trade; but their governor, Don Anthonio de Berreo, was secretly plotting against the English. Raleigh found five lords ("Caziqui") who were kept in one chain, nearly dead of famine. These he released; and, ascertaining the hostility of the residents, he set fire to the new city of Saint Joseph. The inhabitants who were not friendly to the Spaniards were called together, and Sir Walter "showed them her Majesty's picture, which they so admired and honoured as it had been easy to have brought them idolatrous thereof." He explained that Queen Elizabeth "was an enemy to the Castellani in respect of their tyranny and oppression, and that she delivered all such nations about her as were by them oppressed." Since Berreo, the governor, was familiar with the region of Guiana, he was carried aboard and used "according to his estate and worth."

At sea once more Raleigh was disappointed to find that the object of his search was above six hundred English miles further than he had believed; but, as he states, "I kept it from the knowledge of my company, who else would never have been brought to attempt the same." There were probably few voyages across the ocean in those days in which dissatisfaction did not present a troublesome problem. Mutiny was common, and the annals of the times contain many instances of stern discipline and severe punishment. Raleigh's narratives are remarkably free from such, notwithstanding the hardships his crew had to face. "In one barge, two wherries, and a ship's boat of the *Lion's Whelp*," he tells us, "we carried one hundred persons and their victuals for a month in the same, being all driven to lie in the rain and weather in the open air, in the burning sun, and upon the hard boards, and to dress our meat and to carry all manner of furniture in them, wherewith they were so pestered and unsavoury,

that what with victuals being most fish, with the wet clothes of so many men thrust together, and the heat of the sun, I will undertake there was never any person in England that could be found more unsavoury and loathsome, especially to myself, who had for many years before been dieted and cared for in a sort far differing."

Berreio used all the arguments he could to dissuade Raleigh from his resolution to see Guiana. He assured him that it would be labour lost, that he could not enter any of the rivers because of low water, and that the kings and lords would not be friendly. But Raleigh was not deterred, although the expedition was becoming more difficult. The leader was determined, and he felt himself a match for every obstacle.

By the guidance of a native pilot the explorers at length reached a town of the Arwacas. Provisions were very freely bestowed on them, and the spirit of the men was so much brighter in consequence that they cried out, "Let us go on, we care not how far!" Meanwhile the Arwacas had sought refuge in hiding. They "feared that we would have eaten them, or otherwise have put them to some cruel death, for the Spaniards, to the end that none of the people in the passage towards Guiana or in Guiana itself might come to speech with us, persuaded all the nations that we were man-eaters and cannibals." In the following we read a trace of Raleigh's fine character: "When the poor men and women had seen us, and that we gave them meat, and to every one something or other, which was rare and strange to them, they began to conceive the deceit and purpose of the Spaniards, who indeed (as they confessed) took from them both their wives and daughters daily, by strength. But I protest before the majesty of the living God, that I neither know nor believe that any of our company one or other, by violence or otherwise, ever took any of their women, and yet we saw many hundreds, and had many in our power, and all those very young and excellently favoured which came among us without deceit." On departing Raleigh gave a canoe to the Arwacas, and hired another pilot, "who by the Spaniards was christened Martin."

A few days later he anchored at a port where Berreio on

a former voyage had acted with much cruelty. Raleigh sent for the king; who, although one hundred and ten years old, came on foot from his house, fourteen miles away. With him were women and children bringing provisions in abundance. One of them presented Sir Walter with an armadillo, which was no doubt graciously accepted.

After the old king had rested, Raleigh began to tell him, through an interpreter, that the Queen's pleasure was to deliver his people "from the tyranny of the Spaniards, dilating at large * * * on her Majesty's greatness, her justice, her charity to all oppressed nations." Then he inquired of Guiana, but could get little information of any use. The old man was invited to rest that night; but he insisted on returning. So "he went that day twenty-eight miles, the weather being very hot, the country being situate between four and five degrees in the Equinoctial."

Now Raleigh's descriptive powers are evident. Next day he sailed westward to view the river Caroli, and these are his impressions.

"When we ran to the tops of the first hills of the plains adjoining to the river, we beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli; * * * how it ran in three parts, about twenty miles off, and there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church-tower, which fell with that fury that the rebound of waters made it seem as if it had been all covered over with a great shower of rain; and in some places we took it at the first for a smoke that had risen over some great town * * * . I never saw a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects, hills so raised here and there over the valleys, the river winding into divers branches, the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass, the ground of hard sand, easy to march on either for horse or foot; the deer crossing in every path; the birds towards the evening singing on every tree, with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching on the river side; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion."

In this vicinity, Raleigh heard of the Ewaipanoma. "They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts, and * * * a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders." Every child in the provinces of Arroimaia and Canuri was

ready to endorse the statement: so Raleigh's mind was open to conviction. "Whether it be true or not the matter is not great, neither can there be any profit in the imagination; for mine own part I saw them not, but I am resolved that so many people did not all combine or forethink to make the narrative."

Guiana must have seemed a mirage constantly shifting; but Raleigh moved forward, making inquiries wherever he stopped. He was certainly adding to his stock of experience. For instance, in a branch of the Orinoco called Winicapora, he heard of and beheld the "mountain of crystal * * * like a white church-tower of an exceeding height. There falleth over it a mighty river which toucheth no part of the side of the mountain, but rusheth over the top of it and falleth to the ground with a terrible noise and clamour, as if a thousand great bells were knocked one against another." Berreo declared that there were diamonds and other precious stones on it.

The tedious exploration in light barges was wearying the adventurers beyond endurance while leading them no nearer their goal. When finally Raleigh once more descried the Island of Trinidad and beheld his ships awaiting him at anchor, he was ready to admit that "it (was) time to leave Guiana to the sun whom they worship, and steer away towards the north." Most likely he hoped to resume the search with new equipment.

In the latter part of his account he epitomises his observations of the nations he discovered, hints at the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and gives a few suggestions to aid others in their quest. He has not lost faith in El Dorado. Guiana, he concludes, "is a country that hath yet her maiden-head, never sacked, turned, nor wrought; the face of the earth hath not been turned, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent by manuring; the graves have not been opened for gold, the mines not broken with sledges, nor their images pulled down out of their temples. It hath never been entered by any army of strength, and never conquered or possessed by any Christian prince." It is practically inaccessible. Yet

"whatever prince shall possess it shall be the greatest * * *. And where the south border of Guiana reacheth to the dominion and empire of the Amazons, those women shall hereby hear the name of a virgin which is not only able to defend her own territories and her neighbours', but also to invade and conquer so great empires and so far removed. * * * I trust * * * that he which is King of all kings and Lord of lords will put it into her heart which is Lady of ladies to possess it * * *."

Thus the first narrative ends in the spirit of confidence and zeal. One cannot but deplore that the second should reveal another man—a worn-out, disused relic of the past; down-hearted and disappointed. Raleigh was sixty-five years old when he set sail for Guiana again; twelve years had been spent in prison under sentence of death; his friends had passed away or had no will to antagonize the new king. He had obtained a release—but not a pardon—by inspiring in James a hope of gold from El Dorado. Recalling past difficulties, when he was in his prime and vitality, he could hardly have been optimistic in regard to this attempt.

From the time he left the British shores, 1617, the record of his voyage is largely mechanical. It is not the sprightly narrative of two decades before, but rather the jottings from the ship's log. Instead of original observations the reader must content himself with minute memoranda of changes in direction and the like until, with few interruptions, the last pages are reached with their atmosphere of gloom and resignation. Raleigh is a broken man.

But we realize that he is still the courtier and gentleman. While in one of the Canary Islands he sent the governor's lady "six exceeding fine handkerchiefs and six pairs of gloves, and wrote unto her that if there was anything worthy of her in (his) fleet she should command it of (him)." After receiving gifts of fruit and a letter from her, he answered "in the fairest terms" and sent her "two ounces of amber grease, an ounce of the delicate extract of amber, a great glass of rose-water in high estimation here, and a very excellent picture of Mary Magdalen, and a cutwork ruff." The nobility

of his conduct was vouched for by the governor in a letter to the ambassador in England.

The above incident is the solitary gleam of light in the second narrative. Soon the monotony of the entries was to be broken in another way. Fifty men are sick at one time; two days later there are sixty. The master surgeon is of the first to die. More than one of the pinnaces must be lost; the mortality increases; the weather is bad; everything is hostile to the success of the enterprise on which he has staked his life. He has no interest in the scenery, no time for the headless men and the crystal mountain. The utter depression comes to the surface in such notes as this:

"I had now none left but the pilot sent to the Orinoco, and I fear me that he also will slip away by the negligence of the mariners, who (I mean the common sort) are diligent in nothing but pillaging and stealing."

With the failure of this voyage preying on his mind and the death of his eldest son to fill his cup to overflowing, Raleigh presents one of the unhappiest figures in history. Twice he had gone forth in search of El Dorado, first in the full flush of vitality, at last as a drowning man reaching for a straw. Persecuted and unpopular, one can understand the stoical resolution which made death welcome.

Albeit he never lost confidence in the destiny of America. At the very last, he wrote, "I shall yet see it a great nation." How we wish he could visit the Virginia coast today! He would behold a land, extending far westward, where his name is held in the highest veneration; where every school-boy loves his memory and every girl thinks of him as the personification of chivalry.

Wilfrid Blunt's Diaries*

NEWMAN I. WHITE

Trinity College

Wilfrid Blunt's character and career possess more romantic interest than that of any other Victorian English writer, with the possible exception of Richard Burton. Wealthy, handsome as an ancient Greek, adventurous, possessed by birth and natural endowment with an unlimited social *entr  e*, high-spirited, poetic, and rebellious, he must have been in his younger days a youthful Lord Byron without the Byronic vulgarity. He championed the cause of the Irish, like Shelley, but instead of floating bottles and distributing leaflets he got himself imprisoned and gloried in being "the first Englishman to be put in prison for Ireland's sake." His short imprisonment, strangely, failed to make an imperialist of him, and just twenty-six years later we find him encouraging Sir Roger Casement in the formation of the National Volunteer Army.

The Irish imprisonment, however, like the author of *The Love Sonnets of Proteus* and the gallant young English matador in the Madrid bull-ring to whom Lady Gregory refers in the introduction, belongs to a period previous to that covered by *My Dairies, 1888-1914*. The present two volumes deal with "The Scramble for Africa" and "The Coalition Against Germany," and are only a part of what Mr. Blunt calls his "Secret History Series," several volumes of which have already been published, with another volume, covering the war with Germany, to be published posthumously.

My Diaries is to some extent a misleading title. The book is not a plain, day by day record of events and thoughts, but consists of extracts from such a record. It covers a period of twenty-six years and attempts to hit only the high spots. Sometimes, as in the cases of Richard Burton and Bismarck, some circumstance will cause Mr. Blunt to go back and record impressions received years before he began taking notes. Sometimes a hiatus is briefly bridged by the diarist in editing; sometimes it is left to take care of itself. The historian who

* *My Diaries, 1888-1914*, by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. 2 vols. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1921.

makes use of this book as a first-hand source on the English occupation of Egypt will no doubt take cognizance that it is not a veritable, naive diary like that of Samuel Pepys, but rather a *selection* of contemporary impressions, possibly touched up in the light of subsequent developments and probably selected in that light. How much of self-justification must be discounted for—and any one who has written or read diaries knows that some such discount must always be made—can never be stated. If it exists, it must be sought in the omissions and the editing, for the passages that are included have an honest and forthright tone that instils confidence. Nevertheless, the entries are selected and edited by the original diarist and lose some value as a historical and personal revelation by reason of that fact. Students of politics will no doubt wish that Mr. Blunt, who himself preferred the unexpurgated edition of Pepys, had acted upon Stevenson's dictum that it is no part of the duties of an editor to decide what may or may not be tedious to the reader.

A stark and naked diary is almost by necessity an extremely miscellaneous affair. Pepys proceeded without transition from the misdeeds of Parliament to "an idle, roguish French book"; Dorothy Wordsworth mixed wildwood rambles, the golden conversation of Coleridge, and William picking up sticks and gathering eggs just about as life itself mixed them. Wilfrid Blunt, by virtue of his longer entries and editorial method, achieves better unity, for which the ordinary reader will be thankful. When he is in Egypt he talks mainly of the state of the country under English rule. He gives frequent summaries of conversations with government officials and discontented natives, and varies his fare occasionally with talk about his Egyptian country place and Arabian horses. There is one thrilling section on being shipwrecked in the Red Sea. When in England he is concerned principally with foreign and Imperial policies, which he views as an outsider with inside information. He records the opinions of most of the leaders of the day, all of whom he meets on easy terms. His fine country estate, the education of his daughter, and the social and literary conversation of numerous interesting friends also engross part of his attention. Especially is he interested in the doings of the Crabtree Club, a sprightly association of wits and

litterateurs of which Blunt was the center. Travelling abroad, he is interested in political and literary gossip, the state of the country, *Weltpolitik*, and the Arab studs of anybody who has Arab studs, from the Sultan to the Count Potocki. Wherever he is, his principal interests will be found to center about four main foci—the misdeeds of imperialistic government, literature, Arabian horses, and social contacts with people of political or literary interests.

Mr. Blunt's wide experience and numerous acquaintance enable him to give the reader a remarkable series of personal glimpses of interesting men and women. Abdul Hamid, Earl Grey, Arthur Balfour, Asquith, Bismarck, Kitchener, Lord Cromer, Jusserand, Gladstone, and Winston Churchill are a random selection from the numerous persons in public life of whom the diarist gives us brief but intimate glimpses. The literary characters are fully as numerous and probably more interesting to the general reader. Oscar Wilde, William Morris, W. E. Henley, Rossetti, Meredith, Yeats, Francis Thompson, Richard Burton, and Bernard Shaw are among those mentioned. With most of these Blunt was on fairly intimate terms. He gives fresh views and fresh opinions of most of them. Swinburne is "the greatest poet of the English tongue," Morris "the greatest man I ever met." Meredith talks in a stage voice and seems to be constantly searching for epigrams. Alfred Austin is too insignificant for the laureateship and Kipling, apparently, too insignificant for mention among those better qualified. W. E. Henley is a disgusting, spiteful hunchback, and Richard Burton a bragging, somewhat out-at-elbows desperado. George Brandes is "the man who invented Isben"; Newman is the cardinal whose healing touch has an almost miraculous power over Blunt's disturbed spirit. Jusserand is still the young diplomat; he has not yet developed his pleasing "jus errandi" in English letters. Passing comments on the personal appearance of Shaw and Francis Thompson are as interesting as genuine criticism, and considerably more piquant. It has been suggested that the publishers collect Mr. Blunt's literary reminiscences in a separate volume. Such a step would undoubtedly be a service to lovers of Victorian literature. No estimates would be changed, and no biographical

data of much significance would be newly adduced by such a volume, but it would give the reader a considerably more cosy feeling of at-homeness in this particular field of literature.

The personality behind this collection of vignettes and opinions is a very positive one. In his political opinions Mr. Blunt is consistently a radical opponent of the present tendencies of European governments. He calls himself, correctly, an anti-imperialist Conservative. He adopted the cause of Ireland and suffered for it; he was an undaunted foe of England's Egyptian policy, and was for several years forbidden to enter Egypt. The Boer and Matabele Wars, the French and German encroachments on Oriental territory, the Boxer suppression, the Italian raids on Abyssinia and Tripoli were all vile and detestable to him. The Oriental peoples, to him, were the moral superiors of the people of western Europe and suffered moral degradation by contact with them. The Abyssinians were defending themselves as much against the brothels and trickery of the southern Italians as against political domination. England missed her destiny by turning to world empire. America only is worse. Anything that will shatter the Empire and force England into her true destiny is desirable. It was trade and jealousy, not honor, that led England into the World War, towards which Mr. Blunt is lukewarm. Mr. Blunt does not mince words. He rejoices in the Boer victories, calls Roosevelt "that swine," and says Dr. Jameson ought to be hanged.

"All the world would be a paradise in twenty years," says Mr. Blunt, "if man could be shut out." Almost in the very words of Swift he speaks of "the abominable animal, man," and yet, like Swift, he is a decidedly social creature, whose conversation and acquaintance are undoubtedly attractive. When he differs, as he generally does, he can differ like a gentleman. Disputatious radicals might well learn manners of him. We find him often on friendly personal terms with his political enemies. Lord Cromer, whose Egyptian policy he bitterly attacked, consented to be godfather to Blunt's daughter at her wedding. Even Kitchener, his particular *bête noir*, spoke well of him on at least one occasion. There is a strong suggestion of the downright country squire in his expression. He talks as plainly as Squire Western, but more decently. He never talks bombast; his entries, not always impeccable grammatically,

have substance. One is curiously reminded of the solid, matter-of-fact English of that other radical friend of liberty, Shelley, when addressing Godwin.

Mr. Blunt is now a very old man, in his eighties. He has fought a hard fight for his conception of justice; he has realized something of Wordsworth's ideal warrior

"Who in the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made and sees what he foresaw."

He has been consistently on the unpopular side, and consistently beaten. Even his worst enemies must respect the disillusion and pessimism born of this experience. "The two happiest moments of a man's life," he tells Shaw, "are when he takes to his deathbed and [with really subtle understanding and humor] when he gets up from it." At the end of 1913 he wrote; "In this dark world I am overwhelmed with woe. I see myself as one sees the dead, a thing finished which has lost all its importance, whatever it once had in the world. I realize how little I have accomplished, how little I have affected the thought of my generation, in spite, I am still convinced, of the soundness of my view of things and of some skill and courage in expounding it." Thirteen years earlier, at the close of the Nineteenth Century, he had written: "I bid good-bye to the old century, may it rest in peace as it has lived in war. Of the new century I prophesy nothing except that it will see the decline of the British Empire. Other worse Empires will rise perhaps in its place, but I shall not live to see the day. It all seems a very little matter here in Egypt, with the Pyramids watching us as they watched Joseph, when, as a young man four thousand years ago, perhaps in this very garden, he walked and gazed at the sunset behind them, wondering about the future just as I did this evening. And so, poor, wicked nineteenth century, farewell!" Not a very good Victorian, this Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, but a stout-hearted idealist, and a stoic. If he has failed to affect the thought of his contemporaries, he has at least given posterity a set of diaries that will rank among the significant memoirs of his age. It is a matter for regret that his death, shortly after the appearance of a second American edition, has made it impossible for him to see his most significant volume reach its fullest service.

A Note of Correction

The editors of the *QUARTERLY* desire to correct an omission which occurs in the author heading of the article, *The Americanism of Andrew Jackson*, which appeared in the issue of April, 1922. It should have read, *Frank J. Klingberg and Andrew Jackson*. Much of the material in the article was derived from manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Jackson, who is a great grand-son of President Jackson. His residence, like that of Mr. Klingberg, is Los Angeles, Cal.

BOOK REVIEWS

PORTMANTEAU ADAPTATIONS. By Stuart Walker. Edited as with an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co. November, 1921.

RED BUDD WOMEN. By Mack O'Dea with a foreword by Pierre Loving. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co. 1922.

Messrs. Stewart Kidd & Company have added in the volumes mentioned above two exceedingly interesting numbers to their fast growing list of books of American dramas. Every one who has ever seen or read Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Plays will welcome this new volume and will find its offerings up to the standard of Walker's other works. They are so natural in their childlike simplicity that they appeal to one as do woodflowers. Mr. Bierstadt's introduction is an excellent explanation of Walker's work. The "Adaptations" are "*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *The Birthday of the Infanta*, *Sir David Wears a Crown*, and *Nelljumbo*.

In striking contrast is Jack O'dea's somber, realistic *Red Budd Women*. Loving's foreword furnishes a helpful introduction to these unusual, even startling, but faithfully executed portrayals of the soul-destroying, body-killing actualities of the life of women in rural communities and small towns in the west. These plays are original and the work of a dramatist of genuine ability.

W. H. W.

RANDOM MEMORIES. By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1922. 263 pp.

Random Memories is the chatty, fairly frank autobiography of Ernest W. Longfellow, the painter son of the illustrious poet. One's first hope on taking up the volume is that it will furnish new and intimate information about the father and his friends. It does contain some such side lights, but it is not likely to gain an important place in Longfellow literature, for it does not add much to what was already known about the poet. Mr. Longfellow has a good deal to say about the distinguished friends of his father's and some of it is interesting and illuminating. Unfortunately, however, he seems to de-

light in telling unpleasant things, as, for example, his story of what he considered the very inexplicable and ungenerous behavior of Lowell following the death of the poet Longfellow; and his uncomplimentary account of the visit with the family at the home of Tennyson is in bad taste, especially since he has nothing kind to say of the great Victorian poet. In fact, Ernest Longfellow impresses one as being by no means a great man, and his remarks about other artists often strike one as snobbish and based on lack of appreciation on his part.

The book throws interesting light on the social life of Cambridge and Boston of the author's youth and recounts stories of some of the well known families still prominent in that section. Mr. Longfellow's dislike of the English comes often to the front and influences him no little in his unfavorable account of English sway in Egypt, which closes the book.

W. H. W.

PUBLIC OPINION. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company, 1922. x, 427 pp.

Modern history abounds in paragraphs wherein it is stated that public opinion is a determining factor in shaping the course of events. Indeed, writers on historical and political subjects sometimes seem to be almost as free in the use of this term as with the air they breathe. We ought reasonably, therefore, to be able to assume the existence of a general agreement as to the meaning of the term and some understanding of its implications. But one of the first things that impresses a student who brings a critical mind to the study of modern questions is the looseness with which fundamental terms of this character are used. Certainly a different content must be understood by the term "public opinion" when used in a discussion of conditions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from that which we vaguely attribute to it today, but few writers give evidence that they are aware of this distinction. It seems to be assumed somehow that the reader by a sort of instinct will know the meaning of the expression. Lippmann is not too strong in his statement, (p. 253): "Since Public Opinion is supposed to be the prime mover in democracies, one might reasonably expect to find a vast literature. One does not find it.

There are excellent books on governments and parties, that is, on the machinery which in theory registers public opinions after they are formed. But on the sources from which these public opinions arise, on the processes by which they are derived, there is relatively little. The existence of a force called Public Opinion is in the main taken for granted."

Most thoughtful students of history and politics have come to realize increasingly in recent years that these forces, like patriotism and public opinion, so long taken for granted, must now be examined and apprehended before we can make much progress in ridding the world of the chaos to which it has come.

It is encouraging, therefore, to have published such books as Everett Dean Martin's *Behavior of Crowds*, James Harvey Robinson's *The Mind and Its Making*, and this decidedly more thoughtful and stimulating one by Walter Lippmann. Political literature has no keener analysis of the subject than it contains; in fact, it is the only analysis of the subject that merits serious consideration. It is the analytical part of the book rather than the suggested remedy that is most worth while, though the suggested remedy is worth serious consideration provided it is not taken as a specific, and the author does not propose it as one. For the chief weakness of the book the author is not wholly to blame. There is need of much time devoted to intensive historical study of public opinion in other countries, especially in England, in order to make available material for comparative study. Mr. Lippmann, though a student of history, draws most of his illustrations from American experience and conditions. Nevertheless, the book ought to be read by every person who cares to think in terms of reality on historical and political subjects.

WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE.

THE STORY OF MANKIND. By Hendrik W. Van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1921. pp.

Van Loon has tried to do for children what H. G. Wells did for grown-ups in his *Outlines of History*. But let none be misled. You, reader, by the new psychologic tests would probably be found to have the mind of a child. Therefore this is a book for everyone. It is shorter than Wells, more im-

pressionistic and much more readable. For the man or woman who regrets his ignorance of history and wants some general and popular survey of world development this book can be recommended without hesitation. It is written in a good humor, and that means a great deal in these days. It is written by a man who has taken the trouble to find out something about the things of which he writes. It is written by a literary artist. It is written by a historian who has done his own drudgery in research. This is enough to make it apparent that it is a very extraordinary book. Van Loon's chapters on certain great epochs like the Reformation, or the causes of the Great War are masterful and at the same time stimulating. Reading this book is a liberal education, and the time may come (probably when it is too late) when the pedagogues will consider substituting it for some of the less profitable required readings which still clutter up our school and college curricula. But by the time the pedagogues get that far, there will be another Van Loon. Meantime one should not lose a moment securing his copy of the present volume.

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS.

THE TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER. By Reginald Viscount Esher. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1921. xvi, 219 pp.

"My object," says the author of this little volume in his opening paragraph, "is to put on record my impression of Lord Kitchener and of certain events connected with him which came under my personal observation during the months between August, 1914, and June, 1916." His purpose in doing this, he states in his own words in another paragraph toward the end of the book (p. 215), to be "to throw certain sidelights on the bearing of a great Englishman during the first eighteen months of a war when England was hard pressed." The author has performed his task in a manner so admirable as to make those in this generation who are interested regretful that he has made a resolution to confide to the trustees of the British Museum the journals and correspondence on which this little volume was based, not to be made public for the space of two generations.

Meanwhile, we have a picture of a man who in both his

strength and his weakness seems to typify England, not only as regards the part she played in the recent war, but in all of her history for the past several centuries as well. The book is written by a man who knew its subject personally and who is sympathetic in his treatment without being blind to the mistakes inevitably made when a man past middle age undertook the task of leading a great nation in a new adventure on a scale beyond all previous imagination, even that of the wildest dream of youth. It is a book for which the student ought to be grateful. It contains little new information, but it can be read in a short sitting, and it illumines one of the heroic characters of an heroic time.

WILLIAM THOMAS LAPRADE.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Edward Channing. Volume V. The Period of Transition. 1815-1898. New York: The MacMillan Co., 1921. 623 pp.

For one author to undertake a comprehensive history of the United States is a task of no mean proportion. It requires intensive as well as broad scholarship, a sense of perspective, and the driving force of a great executive. As each volume of Mr. Channing's history comes from the press it is evident that he possesses these requisites to no inconsiderable degree. His foot notes and bibliographies manifest such a broad and also technical knowledge of historical literature as to make them a distinct contribution to the field of American bibliography. The assignment of space to various phases of national life improves with each volume and the well sustained literary qualities of the work are evidence of his power of sustained effort.

In the volume under review approximately one half of the space is devoted to social and economic matters. The treatment is by no means conventional, for chapters are assigned to the early labor movement and changes in religion, as well as to westward migrations, education, literature, and the rise of the plantation. However, in the vital matter of the relationship of economics and politics Mr. Channing is not positive nor always suggestive. This fact is to be regretted, for in the future the historian of America cannot escape the obligation

of tracing the inter-relation of these forces. Yet while there is failure at this point, the treatment of economic development is more illuminating and comprehensive than the treatment of politics. For this reason, aside from all others, the volume is valuable for purposes of reference.

Excellent as are the notes and bibliographies, there are some singular omissions. For the public school movement in the South there is no reference to the works of Coon, Knight, and Maddox, nor are some of the notable southern anti-slavery pamphlets mentioned. The same is true regarding southern magazines of the period.

W. K. B.

CYCLES OF PROSPERITY AND DEPRESSION IN THE UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY. A STUDY OF MONTHLY DATA 1902-1908. By Alvin Harvey Hansen. Madison: University of Wisconsin Studies in the Social Sciences and History, No. 5, 1921. iv, 112 pp.

This monograph attempts two things: first, a detailed analysis of monthly data for a single cycle of prosperity and depression; second, a comparative analysis of monthly data in the three great industrial nations of the world, the United States, Great Britain and Germany. The secular and seasonal fluctuations are eliminated, for the work is concerned with cyclical fluctuations. The method used is to construct relative or index numbers from the actual data by using a new base for each of the twelve months of the year. The average of the actual figures for each January in the seven-year period is used as the base for January data, the average of the actual figures for the seven Februarys is used as the base for February data, and so on. The author selected twenty-three series of monthly data for the United States, fifteen for Great Britain, and fifteen for Germany. The Pearsonian coefficient was used to establish correlation, and to determine whether the series are synchronous or whether there is a lag, and if so how much of a lag. To test the relative position of each series in the cycle of prosperity and depression, a large number of correlations were worked out. Three main groups were finally selected, the Investment, Industrial, and Banking Groups.

The author's groupings in the business cycle differ from those of Brookmire, Babson, and Professor Pearsons. This part of the study will interest students of business statistics

and those who follow the reports of the above mentioned statistical services.

In the fourth chapter the author reviews the various theories of prosperity cycles and then concludes with the statement: "The analysis of monthly data presented in the foregoing pages would indicate the following points:

"1. That the first movement in the prosperity cycle begins with reserves, loans, deposits and money rates.

"2. That the movement of reserves, loans, deposits and money rates is the causal factor working out its influence on stock and bond prices, transactions on the stock exchange, bank clearings, business failures, building, employment, production, imports and exports, prices and profits."

The monograph contains twelve charts and eleven tables and a bibliography. The work is a distinct contribution to economic statistics and will be useful to students of economics and business men who are interested in business forecasting.

WILLIAM J. H. COTTON.

TUDOR IDEALS. By Lewis Einstein. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1921. pp. xiii, 366.

In the preface to his volume the author explains the limitations and imperfections of his work: "An early book by the writer on the Italian Renaissance in England had been intended as a partial introduction to a future history of English Sixteenth Century Ideals. But a diplomatic career spent mainly in distant parts, had interfered with its pursuit, and the shadow of a great war has been little conducive to the concentration required for such a study. Like those architects who with vast plans in mind rear only a small wing of their edifice, the writer has been obliged to restrict his scope and his material till no one is more conscious than he of its fragmentary and imperfect nature."

Fragmentary the book is, and thrown together rather than carefully organized. We must regret that the author was unable to execute the more systematic and complete work of his plan, and hope that he may yet be able to fill out the outlines which he has so interestingly sketched. Meanwhile the present work is one for which we may be grateful. Certainly it is of great importance as an aid to an understanding of "a period

embracing the formative elements in the life of all English-speaking nations."

The effect of that double movement, the Renaissance and the Reformation, on the mental and spiritual life of England is the theme of the work, with the resulting conceptions of the royal power and of the individual, the new "ideals of life and thought," and the new realization of the possibilities of "the enrichment of life." It is under these four main divisions that Mr. Einstein has grouped the results of his research. The aspects of each are so many and varied that no attempt can be made here to catalogue them. We may note only a few, as for example that there was in the sixteenth century, to some extent in England and much more in Scotland, a belief in the social contract theory of government, with the corollary that a sovereign who oppressed his subjects might rightfully be deposed (pp. 82, 181); that the word "gentleman" was coming to be used in its modern sense, Geoffrey Fenton writing that "Whosoever wrongeth in any sort the meanest that is, cannot in any equity merit the name of gentleman" (p. 160); that Humphrey Gilbert conceived and proposed a singularly modern system of education designed to train young men for the national service, the curriculum to embrace "civil government and finances, martial exercises, navigation, and surgery" (p. 166); that, contrary to the common belief in a natural English aptitude for the sea, "until the end of Elizabeth's reign English backwardness [in seafaring] lagged behind every other country in western Europe, and was so great as to astonish foreign observers" (p. 287).

The ideals of the Renaissance, we learn, were not warmly welcomed in the English universities, and when the study of the classics was finally taken up it was with the emphasis on form rather than content. "Instead of the Ancients being the living inspiration they had proved to Erasmus and to More, the classical tongues came to be regarded primarily as suitable instruments for study. The writing of Latin and Greek became goals for academic ingenuity and the classical revelation, instead of spurring men on to fresh enquiry, was distorted into making unwilling schoolboys compose bad Latin verses" (p. 321). Thus it was not through classical studies in the

universities that the spirit of the Renaissance came to England, but through the wide reading of English translations of the classics. "Learning ran past the universities to lodge itself in those who with 'small Latin and less Greek' breathed the revelation of the ancient world" (p. 330).

Such citations give but a faint idea of the scope of the work. Several of them, however, suggest a reflection which is stated by the author and which often occurs to the reader; namely, the essentially modern character of much in the period. Much that was medieval still survived (indeed the feudal conception of *the land* as the basis of society is strong in England still), but on the whole, life was viewed with modern eyes. "The modern conception of life dates from Elizabeth" (p. 340).

The book is not without its minor faults. The author takes the rather common but in the reviewer's opinion hardly defensible view that Shakespeare conceived of Prospero's island as in the Bermudas. How is this to be reconciled with the voyage from Tunis to Naples or with Ariel's telling Prospero a few minutes after the storm that the rest of the king's fleet

"all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish."

(Tempest, I, II, 11.232-5)

Indeed, from the manifest absurdities into which Gonzalo is made to fall in picturing his ideal commonwealth, we may well question the soundness of Mr. Einstein's entire comment: "Shakespeare pointed to America as the land of promise, and located in the Bermudas the hope of the New World, the land where there were neither rich nor poor, rulers nor ruled" (p. 186).

The volume is excellently printed. The gain in neatness secured by placing all footnotes in the back of the volume is however more than offset by the loss in convenience, particularly as the majority of the readers of the book will probably be of the type to whom citations of authority are important.

JULIUS W. PRATT.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN EUROPE, 1917-1921. AN OUTLINE ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL SURVEY OF THE CENTRAL STATES AND RUSSIA. By Dr. L. Haden Guest. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 318 pp.

Among the many books on Europe of today this volume deserves more than passing consideration. It is a work of travel, but unlike most travellers the author rather scantily describes experiences and observations; on the other hand he places emphasis upon reflections and convictions concerning the future of Eastern Europe. And these reflections and convictions are well calculated to arrest the attention of the reader and to stimulate constructive imagination.

The underlying thought of the book is three fold; that the passing of the old order in Europe has revealed the limitations of that program of protest and reform known as socialism and that a new program of reform and reorganization is rising, which is based on the distribution of land rather than a new industrial order; that the spirit of nationality and democracy has been stimulated; and that the success of nationality and democracy depend upon a scientific knowledge of facts and a new type of leadership, a leadership which will spring from the engineers and men of science rather than the lawyers and politicians of the old order.

These conclusions are based on a more hopeful and charitable view of eastern Europe, even of Russia, than is conventional. But the author holds no brief for any one country or faction. His point-of-view is that of a physician who for years has been vitally interested in the problems of industry and democracy in Great Britain.

W. K. B.

ALBION W. TOURGEE. By Roy F. Dibble. New York: Lemcke and Buechener, 1921, 160 pp.

Many North Carolinians will be interested in this brief biography of a man who played a considerable part in the events of the Reconstruction period in the state. Tourgée was "soldier, carpet-bagger, politician, judge, consul, lecturer, editor and publisher, political writer, and novelist." He was a native of Ohio and served as an officer in the Union army. In 1865, largely because of poor health, Tourgée went South with his wife and settled in Greensboro, North Carolina. Although he

had been admitted to the bar in Ohio, he was for a time in the nursery business in Greensboro. Later he edited a paper, the *Union Register*, and practiced law. In 1868 he was an influential member of the Constitutional Convention at Raleigh which was in the hands of the "carpet-baggers." He was also elected Judge of the Superior Court by a heavy majority in the same year. Tourgée was uncompromising in his attitude toward opponents and bitter and reckless in the language he used about them. Hence he made many enemies and had an exciting life. Many times he was threatened with assassination. In particular, he had the activities of the Ku Klux Klan to fear. At one time Tourgée was a trustee of the University of North Carolina, but he resigned because the press had so severely attacked his appointment that he feared his continuance as a trustee would hurt the institution. In 1875 he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention at Raleigh where he was bold as usual in the face of some stormy experiences. In February, 1876, President Grant appointed Tourgée Pension Agent at Raleigh, and O. Henry, then a lad of fourteen, drew a cartoon depicting his departure from Greensboro. The closing years of Tourgée's residence in the South were marked by much literary activity. He finally closed his business affairs and left North Carolina for New York in 1879.

For the exceedingly interesting account of Judge Tourgée's literary successes and later life, the reader is referred to Mr. Dibble's painstaking and exceptionally well written biography. Tourgée's positive character, his many exciting experiences, his dazzling but temporary success as a writer, his political services and connections, his ups and downs in life, all provide good material for the biographer's pen. Mr. Dibble has taken satisfactory advantage of the opportunity.

WILLIAM H. GLASSON.

HISTORIC HOUSES OF SOUTH CAROLINA. By Harriette Kershaw Leiding. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company, 1921.

This is an attempt to recreate the domestic habitations of the aristocrats of a past South Carolina of great wealth and influence. These homes were made grand by the presence of men who played important parts in the history of the state and

nation and who had slaves to relieve them of the worry of ordinary work. They were made beautiful by the somber heights of moss-clad cypresses, great avenues of which led down to black broad rivers. Theirs was a unique style of architecture, born of West Indian winds and the peculiar taste and climate of a prideful state not then given to blind imitations of Chicago and Ohio. There in the non-malarial months the owners from the city spent their vacations of idleness and sport. They were happy amidst their contented house slaves, little thinking that out of the anguish of the blacks who labored in the rice bogs nearby was to grow the sentiment that was to result in their own undoing. Their houses were neither as large nor as expensive as the bankers' mansions of present-day New Jersey and Long Island. But over them hover achievements of statesmanship and battle and an atmosphere of aristocratic security; over the latter bank notes and Twentieth Century traditions of democracy. Some of these South Carolina glories of a closed era are still in the hands of the descendants of those who gave them distinction, some are preserved by aliens to the blood; others lie deserted in a wilderness of ruins that once bloomed with the prosperity of rice plantations where now New Yorkers chase the wild deer. Many have become the victims of the same ravages to which their beloved mother, Charleston, has been subject—seiges, earthquakes and the vengeance of Sherman. Miss Leiding for her attempt to make live again these dying beauties of the past deserves great credit.

But the faults of her book are many. We may forgive her for making seven mistakes of fact within the compass of one page (302) and for numerous other mistakes of fact that of necessity result from her reckless appeals to the authority of hearsay and memory, faults which reveal her to be an untrained investigator. The true artist in search of beauty often with impunity neglects details which the scientific pedant—whom few read—would never forget. The local authorities for each house will severally forgive, and the foreign seeker after atmosphere will not know of, the mistakes. But unfortunately the faults of this work lie deeper. The authoress fails to breathe the breath of life into the beauty and shells of beauty which she attempts to project on her pages. Her documents are

houses that once lived with the romance, intrigue and hot breath of the domestic life of an historic and active South Carolina. Her problem was to see and read about the houses and then make the ghosts of old mansions weep and laugh again. Benedetto Croce says that to make the past contemporary is necessary in historical narrative; surely the life of dead families should come to us in living cameos. In this, aside from her numerous colorful anecdotes and one hundred beautiful illustrations, she fails. The most grievous faults of her work, a fault that makes it too bulky, is the identification of the past with the present by means of genealogies and the names of present-day owners. An embarrassing question is, why is the wealth of the present dwelt upon? The houses of colonial and ante-bellum South Carolina should live through their intrinsic worth and not through an identification with the present.

FANCIS B. SIMPKINS.

Edgefield, South Carolina.

A NEW CONSTITUTION FOR A NEW AMERICA. By William MacDonald. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1922.

To the author of this volume, the Government of the United States presents the spectacle of a machine that won't work most of the time. When it will work, it functions at about one half of one per cent efficiency. The most superficial student of American history knows that our government was formed at a time when all government was suspected, and when it was the aim of the "Fathers" to make a machine which would work largely as a brake on anything and everything. That is exactly what our government is. We have reached a period in our political philosophy when we believe governments have a positive and not merely a negative function. No longer are we content with a government that simply keeps things from being done. We must have a government that does things. We find our government so adjusted by the "wisdom" of the "Fathers" that it cannot function unless the executive and legislative departments are in harmony. This never happens if they are of opposite political beliefs and seldom happens when they are of the same complexion. The result is the spectacle of Messrs. Harding, Fordney and McCumber chasing from

one end of Pennsylvania avenue to the other and producing—nothing! In England the constitution provides that the executive and legislative must be of the same political party. The Prime Minister (who corresponds to the President of the United States) must be in harmony with his Parliament or one or the other must go. The result is they get something done. Mr. MacDonald merely advocates an adaptation of the best and most practical elements of the English system, fitted to the exigencies of the American situation. This book ought to be read by every thinking man and every college student in the United States. The practicality of its suggestions are open to question, but this is immaterial to the main thesis of the book, which is that the United States Government is a pitifully inefficient machine. The suggestion that we have something like the French compromise between parliamentary and presidential government may be assailed by the learned. Indeed it has been, as one session of a recent meeting of the American Political Science Association was devoted to this subject. But the fact remains unassailable that the present machinery for the government of the United States is sadly inadequate to the needs of the modern world. A stage coach was a good and venerable institution in its day. So was the United States Government in the day when government was a badge of lost innocence. But that day has past. But how long will it be before the learned learn that Thomas Jefferson today would not advocate what the Thomas Jefferson of the eighteenth century considered? This book is an effort, albeit a very mild and not even light pink effort, to teach. It is just sensible and constructive and neither dogmatic nor prejudiced.

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of *THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY*, published quarterly at Durham, N. C., by the South Atlantic Publishing Company.

Editors: W. K. Boyd and W. H. Wannamaker, Durham, N. C.

Secretary & Treasurer: D. W. Newsom, Durham, N. C.

Publishers: The Seeman Printery, Durham, N. C.

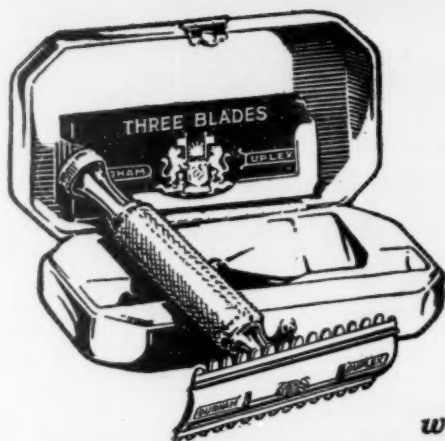
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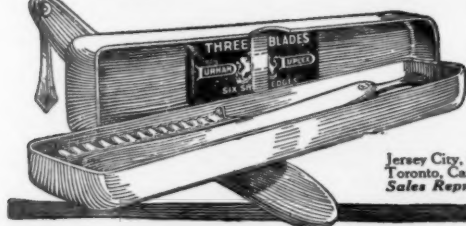
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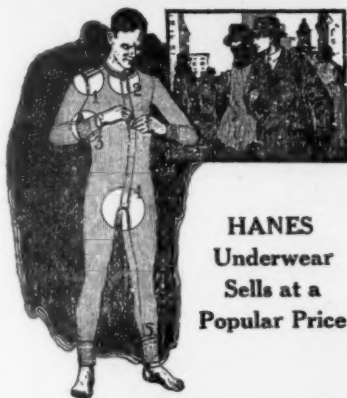
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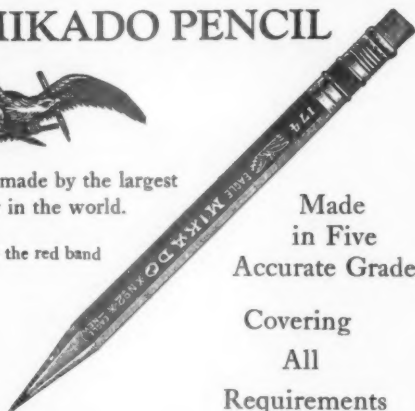
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